

SUMMER 1968



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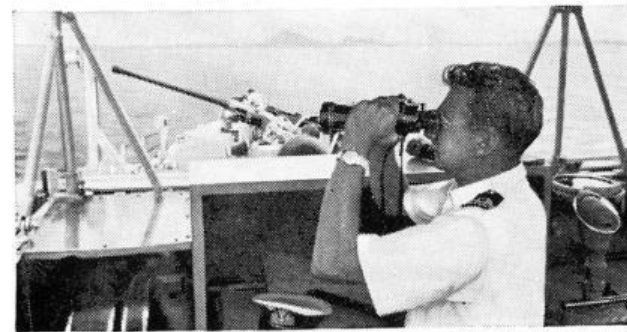
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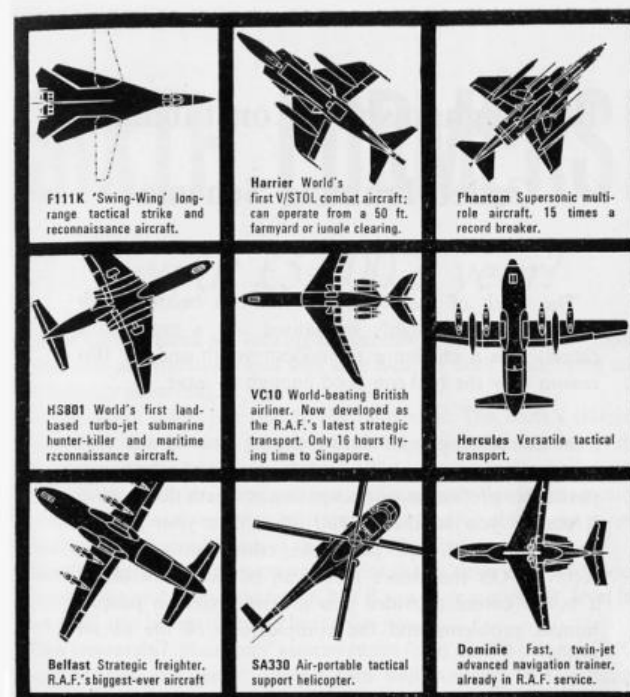
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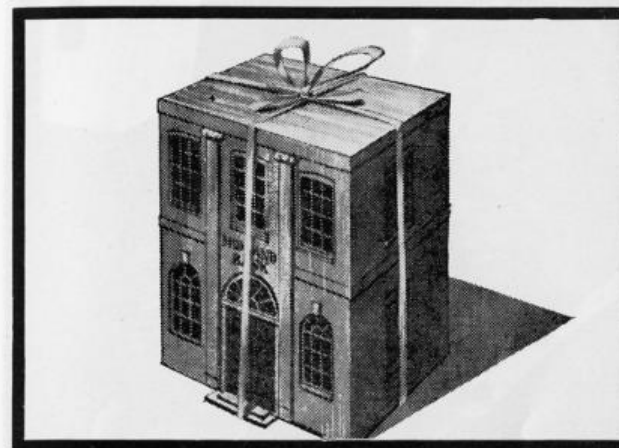
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Mr. and Mrs. Collin at their retirement celebration, Spring Term 1968

With grateful acknowledgments to the Slough "Observer"

THE SWAN

THE MAGAZINE OF SLOUGH GRAMMAR SCHOOL

No. 34

July, 1968

MR. COLLIN

Mr. Collin who retired at the end of the Spring Term joined the school when it was still Slough Secondary School. After graduating at Bede College, Durham University, he spent two years in France.

His first post in England was in Portsmouth, where he spent two years before coming to Slough in 1930, to teach French. When the present Boys' School opened in 1936, he took charge of the modern language department. This expanded considerably under his direction, German and Russian being added to the original languages of French and Spanish. He often conducted parties of boys to the continent, a practice which he began before the war. He also arranged a mutual exchange of boys with Troyes Lycée whereby the French boys came over here for a term and attended our lessons, and our boys spent an equivalent time in the French school. This arrangement was unique at the time.

During the war and for some years afterwards he was in charge of games, and was for a few years before 1953 Housemaster of Milton House.

He has always taken a keen interest in old boys of the school, and was chairman of the Old Paludians Association from 1948 to 1964.

Soon after his arrival he started the school orchestra (he himself was a violinist) and gradually built it up until it was strong enough to perform under his baton at Speech Days and at local Church functions. Though it has had varying fortunes the school orchestra has kept going ever since.

As a teacher no one could have been more industrious or conscientious, but his concern for sound scholarship did not make him impatient with the human frailty of those who did not match his exacting standards. He lent a sympathetic ear to all in trouble, and many have good cause to be grateful for his advice and help.

But perhaps his greatest contribution to the school was after he became Deputy Head in 1953. Here his sense of duty and idealism found full scope. Jealous of the good name of the school and proud of its success he constantly strove to maintain those standards among successive generations of boys.

SCHOOL NOTES

The Autumn Term 1967 began with 616 boys on roll, including 151 in the Sixth Form. Of these, 25 were in the Third Year Sixth.

With a school of this size it is inevitable that there should be changes of staff, and in September we welcomed Mr. K. W. Allen to teach Modern Languages, Mr. F. T. Blagrove as Assistant Mathematics master, Mr. C. M. Dolan as Assistant Music Master, Mr. R. W. Dunn to assist with Physical Education, Mr. P. G. Metcalfe to teach Economics and Geography, Mr. A. P. Rider, for the year as Assistant Geography Master, Mr. P. W. J. Thompson to join our English Department, and Mrs. A. Hamlyn to provide part-time assistance in English.

At the end of the Autumn term, Mr. R. Richards, our Second Mathematics Master left to become Senior Mathematics Master at Isleworth Grammar School. We congratulate him and wish him every success. Mr. Richards is succeeded by Mr. G. Harris.

When we broke up for the Easter Holidays, it was with mixed feelings. We were very sorry to have to say farewell to our good friend and Deputy Headmaster, Mr. John Collin. He had given many years of outstanding service to the school, and an appreciation will be found elsewhere in "The Swan". We wish Mr. and Mrs. Collin the happy retirement they so thoroughly deserve.

At Easter we also lost Mr. F. D. Gibson, Head of the English Department, who was appointed Deputy Headmaster of the George Dixon Grammar School, Edgbaston, Birmingham. In addition to leading a large department, Mr. Gibson ran the school library with characteristic efficiency, and was a valuable member of the Careers' Department. We hope Mr. and Mrs. Gibson and their family enjoy their stay in the Midlands.

Our new Deputy Headmaster is Mr. B. H. Roberts. Educated at Latymer Upper School and St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, Mr. Roberts joins us from the Westminster City School where he was Head of the Modern Languages Department. We all welcome him and hope he will be very happy at Slough.

As well as being Deputy Head, Mr. Collin was also Head of the Modern Languages Department. This last position will be filled by Mr. Wall until he retires and then by Mr. W. I. F. James who is Head of Modern Languages at the Heaton Grammar School, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

This summer our departures are few, but we shall certainly miss our talented Art Master, Mr. di Girolamo. He moves to the new Comprehensive School at Wolverton in the north of the county. Our record of Art successes and the high standard of the subject in the school indicate the size of our loss. Mr. di Girolamo has given much to the school in other ways, notably on the Games side, where he has been so generous with his time and energy.

Mr. J. S. Boardall too will be leaving us to become Head of Modern Languages at Ilford County High School for Boys in September. He has worked energetically, and successfully packed a great deal into his seven years at Slough. Each year he has organised school trips abroad and has regularly produced the Modern Language plays. He will undoubtedly make his mark at Ilford and we wish him well.

Mr. Wall, who joined the staff in 1939 will be retiring from full-time teaching this summer. He has given sterling service in so many ways, to Milton House, to the Careers' Department, the Catholics and the Modern Languages Department. We are glad he will be staying with us in a part-time capacity.

We thank our two temporary members of staff, Mr. Rider and Mrs. Hamlyn for their assistance over the year.

We are pleased to welcome Mr. J. H. P. Allan to our English Department. Mr. Allan has been teaching in the United States for the past two years.

As our new Art Master, we shall welcome next term Mr. D. G. B. Bryan who is at present teaching at the Comprehensive School, Mexborough, Yorkshire.

During the year, we have had the services of Foreign Assistants, Monsieur D. L. Ozil from Montpellier University, France, and Herr D. Lenke from Berlin University. We are grateful for their help and hope they have benefited from their association with us.

We offer our congratulations and best wishes to two members of staff who are to be married this summer. They are Mr. M. Curry who weds Miss Jennifer Welford, and Mr. K. W. Allen who will marry Miss Ann Rowley.

This year we have had three Head Boys, John Elder, Tony Moore, and Phillip Bloxham. They served the school well.

Our academic results following the Summer 1967 examinations were most impressive at Advanced and Scholarship levels, and indicate a healthy state of affairs. There is, however, room for improvement.

Our list of Oxford and Cambridge places is slightly longer this year. At Oxford we have P. Bloxham to Keble College, J. Elder to Pembroke College, K. Jones to Balliol College, I. Jordan to Wadham College, A. Moore to St. Edmunds Hall, and J. Troke to Corpus Christi. At Cambridge, A. Chenhall has a place at Selwyn College and R. Bolland one at Emmanuel College. The main honours however, go to Andrew Morton who was awarded a Minor Scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford. In addition, C. Pratt and A. Chenhall have each gained grants from the Central Electricity Generating Board under the firm's University Scholarship Scheme. A. Moore was awarded the Royal College of Surgeons' MacLachlan Scholarship. Well done!

Speech Day was held on the 1st March. The principal speaker was Dr. C. G. Moore, Deputy Director of the Natural Rubber Company Research Association, and until recently Professor of Chemistry at the University of Aston in Birmingham.

The standard of Art continues at its high level. In the Rowney St. Edward's Art competition, John Luckie won the trophy in the Senior Section and we gained four of the next five places.

On the music side, our choir again combined with the choir of St. Bernard's Convent to give a Musical Concert in the School Hall on the 12th December. This provided a variety of music concluded by a lively performance of Bach's Cantata No. 67. Also, just before Christmas, we held our customary Carol Concert.

The school play, in December, "Juno and the Paycock", was rather more modern than usual. It was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by audiences ranging from schoolchildren to members of nearby Old People's Homes.

In April, the Modern Languages Department produced Moliere's play, "The Misanthrope". This was another splendid performance, and all concerned with both plays are to be congratulated.

The Conversazione, put on by the School Societies last July, was surprising in its scope and variety with almost every imaginable interest represented. Encouraged by this success, the organisers will be holding another Conversazione this year. A recent addition to our list of societies has been the Sixth Form Society. This shows signs of developing well with its programme of debates, lectures, visits and dances. The A.C.F. has excelled this year by becoming the first winners of the trophy for the best Annual Inspection in the area.

It has been a good year for games. The record will be fully covered elsewhere, but highlights must be the winning of the R. J. Gibbs Cup (Soccer) and the Wraybury Pike (Sailing) for the second year. We were pleased to hear that Reg Harris had won the Founders' Cup at the Stoke Poges Golf Club.

Sports' Day had to be postponed from 13th May to 9th July because of unfavourable weather. Our guest to present the trophies is Mr. George Male of the Arsenal Football Club.

Two parties went abroad at Easter. The modern Linguists visited Brittany whilst another group spent three weeks in the U.S.A. There will be a trip to Austria in the summer.

The school's charitable activities have continued through the year. We have in the past sent money through "War on Want" to help a hospital in Nigeria, but the war in that country has caused a temporary interruption. The position was explained to us by Miss Taylor who has served in the hospital. This year, instead of holding the "War on Want" Jumble Sale, we decided to combine with the "Young Oxfam" Group at St. Bernard's Convent School to organise two Jumble Sales—one in the spring, the other in the autumn, and to share the proceeds between the charities. While on this subject, it was also very pleasing to hear that Richard Lister, who is reading Geography at the London School of Economics, has been accepted to do Voluntary Service Overseas.

Over the past six months, the Parents' Association has developed from an idea, a need, to a very real organisation. Everything points to a lively programme, and targets from which the school will benefit. We wish the Association an enjoyable and successful future.

THE HEADMASTER

DRAMA

"JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK" by SEAN O'CASEY

CAST

"Captain" Jack Boyle ..	Michael Denham	Two Irregulars ..	Ian Rodgers
Juno Boyle, his wife ..	Kenneth Jones	A Coal Block Vendor ..	Nicholas Alexander
Johnny } their children ..	Eric Froggatt	A Sewing Machine Man ..	Paul Vincent
Mary ..	David Kitson	Two Removal Men ..	Ian Jordan
Joxer Daly ..	Paul Stevens	"Needle" Nugent, a tailor ..	Donald Bull
Maisie Madigan ..	Robin Tutty	Mrs. Tancred ..	Malcolm Harding
Jerry Devine ..	Christopher Davies	Two Neighbours ..	John Foreman
Charles Bentham ..	David Gordon		John Merritt

The school play this year was "Juno and the Paycock" by Sean O'Casey, which followed the trend of school productions in recent years of presenting plays not usually to be found in the repertoire of a school dramatic society. This play is fairly typical of O'Casey's style: the setting is the familiar Dublin tenement and the characters the familiar working-class Irish. "Juno and the Paycock" purports to be a tragedy, but the all-pervading sadness was, one felt, not conveyed as well as it might have been, until the last act.

The plot is fairly uncomplicated and the whole play boasts an almost classical simplicity and unity of purpose which, while it must be preserved, must not be allowed to become boring. Into the poor Irish family, headed, but hardly supported, by "Captain" Jack Boyle, comes the smooth English teacher Bentham, with his news of a legacy for the family. This prospect leads them to excesses in addition to which his suavity and impressive intellectual qualities have captivated Mary, inducing her to leave her decent if dull sweetheart, Jerry. Ultimately Bentham proves to be an imposter and the family disintegrates, with Johnny shot by the Irish Citizen Army, and Juno and her daughter, who has become pregnant by Bentham, leaving Jack Boyle to his parasitic friend, Joxer.

The cast led by Michael Denham, as the posturing, strutting "Paycock", "Captain" Jack Boyle. His performance was lively and vivacious. He conveyed the pathos of the part as well as the humour, showing the characteristic insight into the role which we have come to expect of him.

Kenneth Jones played his wife Juno, and gave a sincere and moving performance, providing a perfect foil for Joxer, the other of the two people who most claim Boyle's attention. Jones, whom we have seen in several school productions, has become a fine actor and a sensitive interpreter. Paul Stevens, who took the role of Joxer, was, as usual, hilarious, playing the part with the suppleness and skill which have become his trademark. The shallowness and basic insecurity of this character came over well. The two children, Johnny and Mary, were played by Eric Froggatt and David Kitson respectively. Froggatt acted with his characteristic verve, through the part was perhaps over-played a little. Kitson, like all the female characters in the play, carried off his part convincingly. Everyone appreciated his fine bass voice in the song! Robin Tutty, as Maisie Madigan, looked the part to perfection, and was the most convincingly Irish actor in the company. Other notable members of the cast included Christopher Davies as Jerry Devine, who played with a simple sincerity and with expressive gestures, and David Gordon as Charles Bentham, the slick Englishman. Gordon conveyed just the right degree of aloofness without concealing the inner baseness of this character. Of the rest of the cast it may be said that, whereas in most school plays minor parts are generally given to those who are willing but lack talent, there was a great deal of sensitive acting. Conspicuous was Malcolm Harding as Mrs. Tancred who brings the first note of tragedy into the play.

All in all, this was a very fine production. One must not omit to mention the realistic sets constructed and designed by Mr. di Girolamo and the effective cooperation of nearly 40 boys and four staff to make a most enjoyable evening.

J.B.

THE MISANTHROPE — Molière

"Right!" I thought, "With all this talk about livening the magazine up a bit, perhaps I'll be able to write what I really think about the school play, and not the stock criticism, forgetting to mention that the scenery crashed down in the second Act, or that the principal actor missed out eight pages of the text."

But as it turned out, I found nothing whatsoever in the play to attack, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. The play is generally acknowledged to be Molière's masterpiece, and tells how a nobleman, Alceste, living at the French court, finds himself unable to be hypocritical, as court-life demands, and despises the other courtiers for their falsity. The play is a satire on Court-life, but also has a largely tragic element.

So, armed with all this knowledge and a copy of the programme, I sidled into my seat and tried to look as I thought a critic should look. I waited apprehensively for the curtains to open, as all the things that could go wrong raced through my mind. But immediately the curtains parted, the scenery struck me as being very effective under the lights, and as the first two characters appeared resplendent in costumes of an obviously higher standard than usual, I sensed that this I was going to enjoy.

Eric Froggatt, as Alceste, came onto the stage after Ken Jones (Philinte), and launched into his first speech. Once again he had been carefully cast into one of those roles which he does so well—the bitter, irate character, who holds strong views almost to the point of bigotry, and who gives vent to them both frequently and forcefully. He spoke extremely clearly and convincingly and his gestures were always appropriate.

Ken Jones as Philinte gave a good performance as the common-sense character, who presented a good contrast with Alceste, and he and Eliante, played by Angela O'Sullivan, formed a pair of characters resembling each other in their outlook. Both gave good individual performances, but the best scene for both was that in which they were involved together.

After the fairly long opening exchange between Alceste and Philinte, Paul Stevens flitted onto the stage in the role of Oronte, the compleat court fop, and gave a well-sustained humorous performance, with a good variation of tone between his airy rendering of his sonnet, and his whining indignation at Alceste's insults. He warmed the audience up quickly, and received the deserved appreciation.

Ann Twaddle in the lead female part of Célimène, the court coquette, spoke very distinctly indeed, and was very convincing in the contrast between the flirting coquette and the spitfire which she becomes in the long and difficult scene with Arsinoë (Gillian Wolverson). This scene was well handled with some good humour in the exhibition of cutting female sarcasm, with a particularly clever presentation of the humour by Gillian Wolverson, who also moved very impressively on stage.

Another pair of characters well linked in their presentation were Clitandre and Acaste, played by Mark Hammond and Michael Denham respectively. Their fits of idiotic giggling were calculated to keep the audience laughing, and they gave a consistent portrayal of their characters, acting well even when not actually involved in the dialogue.

People who saw the play will observe a serious omission if I do not mention Anthony Kaye as Du Bois, Alceste's oaf of a manservant. Moliere introduced the part purely for comic relief, and that was what we had. Short but sweet. The last Act of the play can easily lose the audience's interest, mainly because in my opinion it is rather contrived, but some intensive acting, mainly from Eric Froggatt, kept the standard of this Act well up to that of the rest of the play.

So when the curtains had closed, the make-up had been transferred from faces to Kleenex tissues, the crowds had shuffled out, I wended my way homewards, impressed by the memory of this play in which everybody deserved full marks. I echo the sentiments of the excited but anonymous Irish gentleman who presented me with a card to take backstage. It said simply: "Congratulations!"

D. KITSON

Alceste	Eric Froggatt	Acaste	Michael Denham
Célimène	Ann Twaddle	Arsinoë	Gillian Wolverson
Philinte	Kenneth Jones	Du Bois	Anthony Kaye
Eliante	Angela O'Sullivan	Basque	Ian Rodgers
Oronte	Paul Stevens	An Officer	Adrian Wickens
Clitandre	Mark Hammond		
Produced by	Mr. J. S. Boardall, Mr. F. E. Dutton		
Scenery	Mr. R. di Girolamo, S. Bell, D. Kitson, P. Stevens, M. Denham, A. Ward		
Lighting	Mr. D. Rogers, K. Harding, P. Luckie		
Make-up	Mrs. O. Holgate, Mr. G. Fallows, S. Bell, A. Ward		
Prompters	R. Bowyer, R. Clay		
Stage Manager	C. Smith		
Assistants	C. Lewis, B. Brooks, E. Landale		
Callboy	P. Charrett		

HOUSE NOTES

GRAY HOUSE

House Captains: J. Elder, P. Bloxham

Games Captains: J. Phear, M. Sherwood-Smith, M. Paston, P. Bloxham

The Year 1967-68 has been one of continued success for Gray in all spheres. Academically, Gray kept pace of the whole school's results, with many members gaining university places, notably J. Elder, R. Bolland and P. Bloxham who all won places at Oxford. As well as the university successes other Gray members go on to Training, Technical and Art Colleges, whilst a few others with substantial academic success behind them have gone straight into industry or commerce.

Gray House members have been in the forefront of all school activities. In music and drama, M. Denham and J. Black have made invaluable contributions and, in a number of school exploits, C. Lewis has played a major part.

However, it is once again in the sports sphere that we have achieved the greatest success both at individual and team level. As a House we won in 1967 the Old Pals' Shield for Games and Athletics, a tribute to the "strength in depth" of the whole House, and this year we have already won the Cross Country, Rugby Senior Sevens and Senior Soccer Championships.

All school teams have a sizeable percentage of Gray House members, and some teams were captained by Gray House members, notably 2nd XI and Badminton by J. Elder, Tennis by M. Sherwood-Smith and Rugby and Cricket by P. Bloxham.

It would be impossible to mention all Gray members of school teams but an indication of our contribution to school sport comes in the number of Gray members in County Teams:—

Michael Sherwood-Smith who represented both the Junior and Men's Bucks Tennis Teams must take pride of place, and Ian Hughes (Rugby), Stephen Furtado (Hockey), Richard Wood (Soccer), Michael Paxton (Basketball), and Philip Bloxham (cricket), all played for Bucks.

Finally thanks to Mr. Binstead and all Gray Housemasters for their support and guidance during the year.

P.R.B.

MILTON HOUSE

This year has been fairly successful for Milton in both academic and sporting spheres. Of the many boys going to university in September, special mention must be made of A. T. Moore and J. Troke who have gained places at Oxford.

Sporting achievements this year have unfortunately been those of individuals rather than those of the House. Seven Miltonians played regularly for the school soccer 1st XI. R. Poulter captained both this and the county side. Tony Moore, before leaving us at Easter, gave his usual splendid service in both Cross-country and Hockey. M. Ferguson (33;ts.), P. Reynolds and M. Neilson played for the Rugby XV. M. Clark and K. Butler played cricket for the school, and M. Clark also captained the school, and played for the county, Basketball teams.

Members of the house also played their part in the various school productions throughout the year. Milton was also ably represented at the top of the school by A. T. Moore and J. Troke who were both deputy head boys.

Finally all boys wish to express their thanks to the Housemasters, especially Mr. Wall, for their advice and co-operation throughout the year.

R.P.

HERSCHEL HOUSE

Senior House Master: Mr. J. Wharmby

House Captain: W. Manners

Sports Captain: K. Martin

The past year has been a successful one for Herschel House in both academic and sporting spheres. Many boys are going to university in October, two of whom deserve special mention—Andrew Morton, a scholarship and Clive Pratt, a place at Oxford.

A. Morton was deputy head boy until Easter when he left us, and J. Treble, C. Pratt, J. Whiting and W. Manners were Senior Prefects.

Our Sporting successes are mainly due to individual achievements last summer, K. Martin won the County Long Jump, and was awarded Athletics Colours. W. Manners, K. Martin and I. Rance played for the school 1st XI Football Team and were awarded colours. W. Bridge and D. Hudson played for the Rugby XV, and W. Bridge was awarded Colours. R. Talbot, J. Treble (Captain), R. Deuchars, C. Overton and T. Harris played for the Hockey XI, T. Harris representing the County. R. Amoroso and K. Martin played for the basketball team, R. Amoroso being awarded Colours. Herschel House also made up half of the Badminton VI, with J. Whiting, J. Treble and W. Manners all playing.

Herschelites also pulled their weight in after and out-of-school activities. Several boys helped in the running of school societies and in the production of the school plays. G. Napper and R. Peacop were N.C.O.'s in the A.C.F. and so kept up the Herschel dominance in this sphere. At Easter, John Treble went to Sweden to compete in a bridge tournament sponsored by the English Bridge Union.

The House wishes to thank Mr. Wharmby and his fellow housemasters for the consideration and help they have given us throughout the past year.

W. MANNERS, 6III

HAMPDEN HOUSE

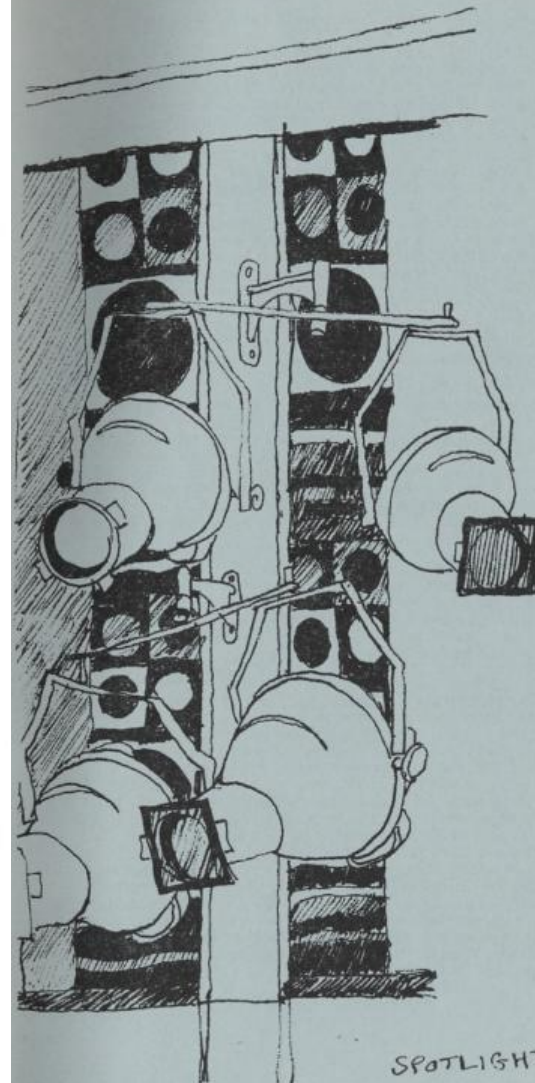
This year has been more notable for consistency than for brilliance. Our main successes have been athletic, though K. Jones and A. Chenhall did manage to get to Oxford and Cambridge respectively. G. Crawford in the BBO and R. Bowyer in the Long Jump represented Bucks in the National Championships, and C. Avis was selected to attend the F.A. Week at Bognor, as well as playing for Slough Town on several occasions.

In inter-house competitions our general record was good—second was our lowest position. We were moderately represented in school teams; Colours were awarded to Avis, K. Jones, Campbell, Price, Gogna and Crawford who, with J. Foreman was a Deputy Head Boy. T. Agnew captained the 2nd XI and A. Chenhall was vice-captain of the Rugby XV before his early departure.

Mr. Gibson, a helpful housemaster, left to become a Deputy Headmaster in Birmingham. We thank him for all he has done, especially his help with university applications.

Finally, our thanks go to our housemasters, for their help and encouragement during the year.

K.J. P.S.



ANTHOLOGY SECTION

With grateful acknowledgements to "Lion" comic, and Fleetway Publications Ltd.

HIS VICIOUSLY SHARP HEAD-FIN would no doubt be unpleasant; but hardly enough surely, to qualify the shark as "one of the deadliest foes I ever encountered"? But then the Spider had his foot wedged between some coral rocks when he spoke and was also creating a giant web-barrier with his spider gun, which he had barely had time to draw: so that he may be forgiven for a little exaggeration. The odds were anyway very much on his side, as the spider's explanatory thought-bubble tells us that 'the power-thrusts from my all-purpose weapon are loosening and hurling that huge web on him'. A head-fin, however viciously sharp isn't much against an all-purpose weapon. During this peculiar battle both shark and spider have time to give detailed, even verbose, commentaries on the action: so the shark, his muscular form ensnared in the sticky strands, finds a moment even in his threshing agony to point out that "I'll swiftly get loose in a manner which will dumbfound you!" He bites his way out. While he is waiting, the spider, instead of freeing his foot from that annoying coral with his all-purpose weapon, delivers a highly-technical speech on the properties of his sticky strands: "Fantastic! Those deceptively fragile-appearing web-strands are in reality stronger than steel! Yet the shark's jagged teeth are snapping them apart with astounding ease: the strength and power of his fangs is almost beyond belief!" His vocabulary is even more powerful than his all-purpose weapon.

However not only sharks and spiders have the knack of detaching themselves from mortal danger long enough to explain in detail exactly what's going on. Meanwhile up in the sky, an expanding X-globe is pestering rock-man. This gentleman not only lacks a viciously sharp head-fin but is also handicapped by lapses in concentration: his mind keeps slipping back—perhaps understandably—to the time when he was an eerie stone form carved by prehistoric long-dead sculptors. The expanding X-globe depresses him and he finds speaking difficult: "Choke! Mighty though I am, my mountainous strength is nothing before such a peril!" Modestly spoken and we would like to help, the more so as the spider has his hands full on the sea's bottom.

Fortunately puny earthlings like us aren't needed. Inside the slaver spaceship, the slave-master and his mercilous minions clad in picturesque if cumbersome cloaks and Roman helmets are puzzling over their ultimate weapon. The slave-master is understandably worrying about the expanding X-globe, and seems like rock-man to find concentration difficult: "I need your assistance, underlings, to operate the complex macro-necrolizer generator!"

Back to the sea's bottom. Shark explains that the great spider-web is now bitten apart and we pick up our dictionaries again, with perhaps a little feeling of guilt that we have forgotten about him while we struggled with the cosmic peril. But he's a born loser it seems, viciously sharp head-fin or no. Spider's all-purpose weapon promptly wraps him in a web-cocoon. Fighting his way doggedly, if a bit wearily through this, shark comments: "this time, you've wrapped me within a web-cocoon, but you won't gloat for long... AHH-EEEE-OHH-EE!" An extraordinary remark even from such a master of languages as shark, and now it is spider's turn to be puzzled: "that peculiar shout... is not a bellow of distress! It sounds more like a call for assistance!" By now our minds have their own private web-cocoons of bewilderment, what with spider's foot now mysteriously free from coral rocks and that expanding X-globe hanging about somewhere and rock-man choking but determined to fight villainy unceasingly by permission of the prehistoric long-dead sculptors and the slave master and his merciless minions forgetting how to operate their complex macro-necrolizer generator and look, in the immensity of outer space is looming a World of Inanimate yet Sentient matter, Planet-Head! What a relief to push it away and tackle something easy, like that precis-passage for English homework.

G.F.

RESPONSIBILITY OTHERWISE

You'd always thought of yourself as comfortable, hadn't you?

Safe;

protected by the cushion of your own small movements.

The responsibilities were always somebody else's—they would provide.

But then you fingered the cold solidity of your bunch of keys.

Your

bunch of keys.

You sniffed and walked quickly

and jerkily, down

the stairs,

down your stairs,

trying to dislodge the

thoughts.

Thoughts would disturb

and bring more thoughts more disturbing, more Thoughts disturbing.

You almost managed to forget,

but

the act of turning the key in

your house

had an air of finality which your

careless pretence

could not disguise.

The very fact that you were

deliberately

shutting out Thoughts

supplied them with new, wider openings.

Well,

this was your house, your responsibility.

Your failings left marks;

your mistakes were not

watched or carefully corrected.

You had grown up

long ago,

but had so far kept out

realisation.

Huh!

you hadn't grown;

people don't grow, people only die.

Other people.

You're as old as you feel,

your brain was shouting, while

your body felt the weight of all your years.

Youth.

Age.

Old.

Age-old

responsibility elsewhere.

You turned and climbed brokenly

the stairs,

to the alleviation of your bed,

not cure,

D. KITSON

CARBON-COPY PEOPLE

A clone is a group of genetically identical people. Nobody has managed to form such a group yet, but it has been said that "cloning" people is regarded as a near possibility. Clones have one parent, and so they are not only twins to one another but to the parent as well. So far experiments have been performed on frogs, the nucleus of an intestinal cell of a frog being taken out and implanted in an unfertilised frog egg, the nucleus of which has been destroyed. These eggs develop just as if they had been normally fertilised; some even developed to the tadpole stage. It would be possible to produce exact copies of exceptional animals and humans in unlimited numbers.

Obviously there would be great advantages in reproducing exactly identical individuals wherever a group may have to work as a team: e.g. a group of astronauts, especially since there is some evidence that a "clonal" group might have psychic powers as some twins have. By the use of artificial wombs, hundreds of animals useful to man can be produced in a year.

But there are also many ethical problems which arise. The main one must be, who should be cloned. Obviously, if a socially undesirable person was cloned, all hell could break loose if he had a great army of replicas of himself who thought like him, looked like him, and had all his powers. Also, would they become an elite group? Would some groups become too powerful to be safe? Quite obviously careful measures would have to be taken before a person could be cloned.

Yet the advantages of cloning people are tremendous. They would be able to accept grafts of tissues or organs from one another without any danger of the rejection which is a problem at present. A great deal could be done for this world by the cloning of brilliant scientists and other such people from whom this world could quite obviously benefit.

G. LOVE (IV)

A BABY IN A PRAM

I have just woken up after a sleep which lasted about two hours. Suddenly I can hear footsteps which are coming from the direction of the house. The door of the house is open and I can hear a voice shouting, "Where's my dinner?" That signifies that my old man is home and I will be taken indoors to have dinner, which will, as usual be some sloppy old stuff which is for month old babies, not ones at four months. Next moment two ugly great hands come into my pram, pick me up and lift me level with a huge face which suddenly moves towards me and soaks me in horrible wet kisses; just what I hate! No sooner than you can say Jack Robinson, out comes my mother saying, "Quick, his dinner's getting cold." With this she grabs me round the waist and nearly squeezes the life out of me, and to make things worse she starts on at her, 'Goo, goo, ga' gaa's', which I think is her idea of how babies talk.

After dinner I am put back in my pram for another sleep. All at once it begins to rain. I don't mind a light shower of rain so long as I am covered by a water-proof cover. Out comes a hail of footsteps. "Quick, get the baby in. It's raining," says my mother. As if I don't know.

P. TARRANT (I)

THE CLIFFS

The cliff-top has a carpet
Of violet, gold and green,
The blue sky bounds the ocean
Whilst the white clouds scud between.

A flock of gulls are wheeling
And screeching round my seat,
O'er my head the heavens
The sea beneath my feet.

S. SULLIVAN (IV)

FAIRGROUND

As we passed through the gates of the field, far over the other side the glow of the fair stood out as if the whole field was afire. Soon the small flickering lights became distinguishable, blues and reds, greens and yellows, all flashing as if to hypnotise and lure you into their very midst.

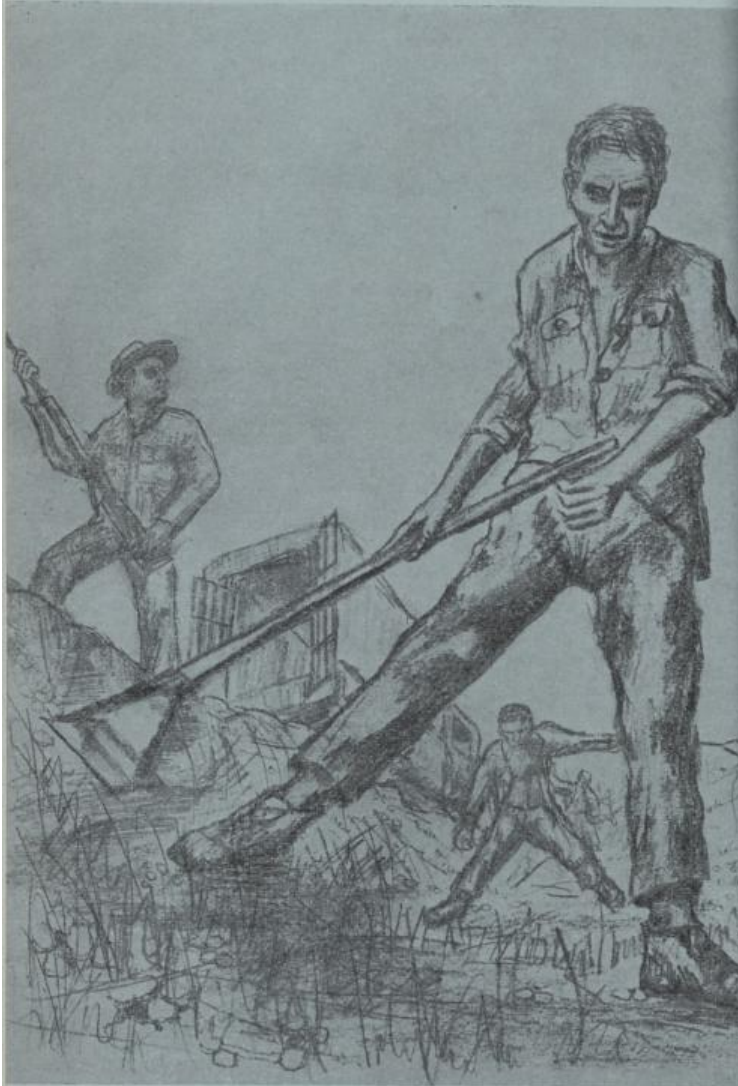
We were closer now and a faint sound filled our ears, a merry sound, one full of the happy laughter of small children, and the tinny sound of scratched popular records being played over and over again. A slight breeze started to blow and the smell of burning diesel oil filled our nostrils. This was mixed with the smell of hot electric cables and the lingering aroma of fried onions. As this smell came to us so did the atmosphere. The lights were almost blinding now and distinct sounds filled our ears. Roll up, rollup, shouted numerous barkers, trying to compete with the loud bawl of records, and the merry organ music. Another few seconds passed and we were about to enter the fair. We passed through the barrier of diesel engines, almost tripping over the mass of cables that lay strewn on the ground. For a few brief seconds the sound of pounding metal screamed in our ears, and an acrid burning smell drifted across our path.

Then we were through into the heart of the gaiety. Sounds, that before could be heard, again merged into one, but as our ears became accustomed to the noise, old familiar sounds became clear. These sounds, the sounds of the fair seemed to be a sign of enjoyment. The call of the ragged, oily machine workers, the hiss of compressed air and the barkers all competing, trying to attract the customers. We were drawn into the heart of the fair. Wandering slowly through the stalls, we waited to see who would win, who would convince us that his ride was the best, who would make us take heed of his hoarse cries. The atmosphere overtook us and we merged in with the crowd seeking joy.

The next morning we again approached the site of the fair, but this time there was no glow, no smell and the only sound that reached us was the sound of clanking metal and the angry shouts of workmen. A steady drizzle was falling and the ground sank beneath our feet. Some lorries were already withdrawing, setting out on their journey along the shiny road. The remainder went about their work seriously, and the happy smiling faces of the night before were gone, replaced by those of men with a job to do. An angry man shouted at some children, the same children, who only the night before he would have been so happy to please. The now silent engines were loaded and the lorries and the splendid rides, now just planks and boards, were secured.

The last of the lorries left and we looked at the site. The black oily patches on the grass and the greener more welltrodden patches. These were all that remained of the fair and they would soon be turned into a sodden mud patch by the rain. My thoughts wondered to the previous evening. It was amazing how quickly the fair could leave, almost as if it was prefabricated enjoyment.

P. BOOTH (III)



ANGELUS

Who would match speeds
With a stallion—
Flying on ivoryed hoofs
Of Aeolus?

Who would capture gloxinia dawns?
Blushed ice on green heaven.

Who would imitate the lucent butterfly,
Tossed on lambent breezes,
Plunge the inner caverns of orchid understanding?

Thus is he
Who senses death
On the velvet vermillion tresses
Of the awful winged night.

M. R. LEWINGTON (V)

THE PRICE YOU HAVE TO PAY

As I stood nervously awaiting my fate, the chants of a hundred-thousand screaming onlookers filled my ears. I knew that the moment that was to come would decide my future. Past memories of the happier events of my life flooded through my mind like an express train; and my senses were suddenly jolted back to reality, by a deathly hush on the mad crowd. I took one last look at my prison, the bars around me and netting behind, preventing escape. This was the moment; I fixed my eyes on the small white bullet which would mean so much, the executioner took aim and waited for the signal. The General dressed all in black raised his arm, blew his whistle and the executioner rushed forward. I heard the crowd gasp as I dived to the ground, the bullet hitting me full in the chest with a searing pain. I landed on the ground with a thud and saw the white, leather bullet firmly encased in my arms. It was then that I realised the truth, while a roar of disbelief arose from the crowd: I had saved the PENALTY in the last minutes of the F.A. Cup Final, and we had won 3-2!

B. DAVIS (III)

MODELLING

Having just had a short discussion with a friend about the merits of a certain model boat design, I started to think about my efforts at the model-making trade.

It all started four years ago when I saw an advertisement on the back of the "Boys' Own Paper" for several glider kits. I happened to like a certain design, and thought I would try to make it. The kit came, and I started . . . by the end of the summer holidays, enthusiasm had fizzled out, mainly because the kit was far from simple. However, on the formation of the school "Aeromodelling Society" and, more than seven months after starting, the kit was assembled. The model was towed up on a line and released at about 60 feet. It then dashed itself to pieces, after a spectacular dive.

Three more planes were built, with varying degrees of success, until, at last, one flew for three minutes. However, this finally crashed when we flew it in a gale.

Two years ago, I bought an engine for a control-line plane. This crashed into the ground after only three days, but by the end of three weeks I could go out, fly it for the day, and return with it still undamaged. I bought a second, used, engine for a free-flight plane; this works perfectly when I test it in the plane at home, but not, so far, from the field.

Nine months ago I bought a copy of the "Model Engineer", and a whole new world was revealed. My tastes turned to steam engines. I bought a set of castings for one of these, which is now one-third finished. Six weeks ago, I drove the locomotive of one of my father's friends. I managed half a lap, but then arrived at the bottom of an incline with no water left and no steam up. Having been laboriously pushed to the top, I did another lap, travelling in great style, only to turn round and find everyone had got off. Many more examples could be quoted, but I want to get on with my new plane—I wonder how long that will last!

S. H. JONES (III)

AN ODE ON A HIPPO BY A HIPPO

I'm a hippo
Get that first
Not just something
Bound to burst.

In the water
On the ground
I'm pretty decent
Judged all round.

See me wallow
Hear me grunt
Watch me do a
Diving stunt.

Graceful! Solid
Sound in limb;
Why the dickens
Should I swim?

SOLDIER BOY

Over the trench
through the terrible stench,
in the midst of the filth
lies the body of a soldier.

Rats sniff him and run
As he lies there. His blood,
his thick sticky real red blood
trickles from his mouth.
His shattered legs writhe.
His eyes open and he grunts,
And it is no more than a grunt
for his teeth have fallen out long ago,
and his hair is in his helmet.

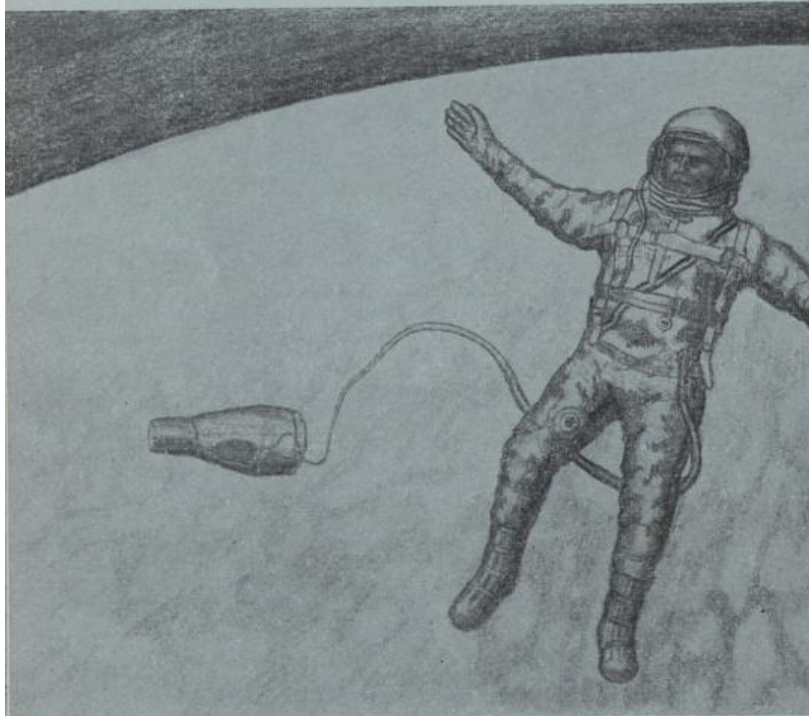
G. MIKOLAJCZAK (V)

IN THE TRENCHES

At last the thunderous bombardment ceased. The sudden stark silence was paralyzing, even frightening. In the stinking trench the men crouched in the mud, in a state verging on fear. Young men, most still in their teens, fighting in an unwanted war for ideals which few understood. They were all in readiness to attack. Some murmured a short silent prayer to themselves, others thought of families and friends in England or already buried in the mud of Flanders or convalescing in a hospital. Some, new recruits from England, thought sadistically about how many of the enemy they would kill. More of their number crouched in a dream, their minds filled with a desire to live rather than to die an unknown corpse among thousands on the pock-marked plain. The others, who could consider themselves veterans if they had survived their baptism of fire were more philosophical. They had all seen sudden death on the field, some had been wounded before and had come back to their regiment to find new faces, recruits replacing old pals who had been killed, taken prisoner or had deserted. They were already hardened by the fortunes of war. To them it did not matter if they won or lost that war; survival of an assault on the enemy's trenches was the winning of a battle. Some looked on death as the path to freedom from a fly-ridden world when they could only be clean when on their occasional leave. There were men who could not stand the strain and shot themselves in the foot to be convalesced out of the war, at least for the time being, while in others something would push them over the border of insanity: ostensibly shell-shock. It was no wonder that this happened in a war that all except a few expected to last for years, even decades. Although they had been indoctrinated into believing that they must kill the enemy, they did not think it was worth being killed themselves for a marginal gain. If a breakthrough was achieved, subsequent progress was slow and costly while the enemy could rush in reinforcements by railway to block the hole. They did not understand why they should be involved in this war anyway. 'After all, Germany attacked Belgium and France not Britain', was an oft-used argument by the unenlightened.

At last the signal came. The men scrambled over the parapet to kill the enemy, all else forgotten. The chatter of machine-guns intensified and an army died. More statistics. More telegrams home. More material for indifferent newspapers. The war to end war continued.

M. FRANKL (IV)



THE CRAZY WORLD

Stop humans from breeding
The problem is feeding,
Yet hearts are transplanted
And organs supplanted
And Viet Nam's still bleeding!

M. BROOKS (IV)

VENUS

The rocket slowly ascended, passing layers of dense cloud. There was a sudden jar, and the rocket tilted slightly as it touched the ground.

The television scanner slowly turned round, giving inquisitive man his first proper look at Venus. Nobody on Earth had known what to expect of this shrouded planet; yet the view the three astronauts saw was astounding. The ground was covered in a green moss that rose and fell slowly, rhythmically. Every few yards there was a small clump of brown shrubs, similar in shape to a cabbage. Every few minutes they would burst, scattering yellow blobs into the surrounding moss. Then the plant would shrivel up. If any of these blobs went too high, a few feet, it was noted by the astronauts that they disintegrated. Usually only one survived. The chemical analyser pointed its probe at various plants, the computer ticking over.

The prearranged exploration over, the space craft rose into the clouds. As it went up, ice crept down its fuselage—there was a yellow blob stuck on by the engine exhaust outlet.

Back on Earth the spacemen were questioned intensively. The computer attached to the chemical analyser showed that the brown 'cabbages' were made of something as yet unknown to man. The yellow blob by the rocket exhaust outlet had dropped to the ground and a small, brown plant sprang up. Immediately the surrounding grass withered. Yellow blobs were flung into the air; none disintegrated. Within half an hour the brown shrubs covered an area of 200 square yards. A stray dog that walked into the shrubs yelped, and its body fell immediately into decay.

Three days later the whole town had been evacuated. Apparently nothing could stop the invading plants. Then, one night, a strange thing happened: there was a severe frost and a scouting party saw that the shrubs had retreated some twenty yards. Then, one of the astronauts remembered that the yellow blobs disintegrated at a certain height and that when the rocket was rising ice crept down it.

Army units equipped with dry-ice throwers were called up. The dry-ice was poured onto the shrubs, which shrivelled up. The world was saved!

G. BANDUREK (II)

VICTIM

Back to the wall, hands clenched white on the warmth of the radiator, John Smith faced a ring of his class-mates. His hair was tousled from the fight in the cloakroom and his face flushed from the confusion of flight, anger and humiliation. Words pushed out of him; none seemed to help.

"Leave me alone—what's the matter with you?"

The boys were amused; this Smith had struggled enough to change their first pushings and tauntings into brief flaring anger. Well, he deserved what he'd got, and now he was helpless. Whatever he did, strike or fly, would be fun. GGAs the master entered the room, the group split and crumbled, though, jostling and threading their way to their desks, the pleasure remained with them, an expectancy, a cosy, cherished consciousness of power. This wasn't over! What about after school, near the old railings? No words needed to be exchanged.

Smith suppressed his tears as the lesson started, and he began to watch these so ordinary boys around him. Halstead had his hand up, first as usual, and he was tapping with his ink-stained ruler as he waited to be noticed. His answer was right; they always were. Smith thought longingly back to the time when he himself had dared to answer questions. They were all so eager too, he observed scornfully, as they copied down obligingly a set of dictated sentences, and craned to see the difficult spellings displayed on the gloomy green board. But this scorn was no comfort, and his throat contracted as he saw Manton staring at him.

"Which way do you go home?" Manton whispered.

"Along the main road," he replied, trying to smile, though he knew he couldn't placate them.

"Might see you then!"

Dismissal came much too quickly, and Smith didn't know whether to rush out or linger. Everything seemed normal, and he was vividly aware of the usual smell of polish and the familiar scarred tiles as he walked the corridor to the back exit of the school. Older boys were clustered around the tattered notice-boards, and he had to push past one boisterous group.

Outside, the sunlight was a shock. Smith was suddenly tired of the dusty asphalt, the grey trees and tawny grass. His case leaned awkwardly against his legs and he shifted hands to get a better grip.

He saw the knot of boys outside, but panic made him fatalistic. He didn't reply as they called his name, but walked with pale set face round the outside of the group. Someone behind him tipped his cap over his eyes, and he flinched at the laughter that greeted this. He began to struggle as the boys steered him towards the old railings, out of sight of the road and the adult world.

At the railings, he turned and faced them, his heartbeats thudding in his ears. Oh, get it over, please, please! he thought.

But no-one would begin. This was no good, this wet kid blubbing for his mother. Righteous anger welled up, and, as the group closed, real hatred. It only needed one boy, still neat from his mother's morning scoldings, to lash his scuffed boot into the victim's shin, and feelings were suddenly naked, tensions rubbed raw.

Afterwards, as Smith lay wide-eyed amongst the debris from his case, they reassured one another.

"He's been asking for this" . . . "Yeah, mummy's little darling" . . . "teacher's pet" . . . "Let's go! Hell, he's all right."

But he wasn't.

P.W.T.



OLD MAN

"Here I sit, day by day, thinking, chewing a pipe kept alight by rags and paper. People's attitudes to me vary from person to person; some are openly contemptuous, some rub out my chalk pictures, some put buttons in my cap, others are patronising—(oh, I do hate that type!)—others treat me like a child. But, whatever they do, it all adds up to loneliness and misery.

"Hey! Is that a half-crown in my cap? No, it's only a ha'penny. Still, I've not done badly today, three and a ha'penny. Perhaps tomorrow I'll have the price of a drink at the pub. Perhaps . . . Oh, it's no good hoping. I've been doing that all my life: hoping and hoping for wishes that never materialised. Once I dreamed of being a footballer . . . but the accident finished all that. I've never been able to run since then. When Mary died, I just came over to this corner and I've stayed here ever since.

Huh! I'll be another Maharishi soon! Better go to sleep, or I'll be too tired to draw tomorrow . . . tomorrow . . . tom . . ."

A. TULLOCH (I)

HOUSING ESTATE PUB

Letting the municipal concrete kick
Your composition soles, you clatter on
Through spurs or closes or hard avenues,
Sensing above wet hair the yellow glooms
Where each alternate gallows flaunts its fog,
Seeing a television twitch and stare
Through cracks in curtains. Then you find your goal,
The public bar.

Slowly your lenses clear.
The heavy atmosphere of smoke and beer
Explores you like your host's synthetic smile.
Throw your thin bridges now and talk awhile:
Port Vale and Fulham ease contracted breathing
And worry yields to Guinness darkly seething.

Outside in darkness left by passing cars
The bus-stop stands, white face in broken glass.

G F

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

In Britain during the eighteenth century over two hundred offences were punishable by death. Pickpockets were hung, even children, if the goods stolen were valued at one shilling or above. Since that time Britain has progressed in spite of the cynics, in that she has reduced her hanging offences to the grand total of nil. Shame! Does the Government realise what it has done? By doing this it has crippled the film industry. No longer can we have high court drama with last minute confessions. No longer can a bloodhound-faced judge put on the black cap and say those spine chilling words that we love to hear. Of course all the fun was taken out of hanging when they stopped public executions. After all hanging was quite an art. The length of the rope had to be just right. Too much rope and the victim's head snapped off. Too little rope and he strangled. The knot used to be placed at the back of the neck, and so the person used to strangle. Then it was discovered that if the knot was placed at the side of the neck the person's neck broke. Nice, simple, clean and less risk of the person living. Hanging was civilised. None of that horrible blood or scorching flesh from electric burns. All we have left now are nostalgic memories. The gallows are dismantled. Prison yards no longer ring to the sound of banging trap doors and bodies pulling at their harnesses. Such is progress.

G. BOWLER, (IV)

THE CASE OF THE MISSING LEFT FOOT

Sherlock Hovis and his friend, Dr. Wilson, were sitting in the study having breakfast when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," cried Hovis.

"Thank you", came a deep rumble from outside.

"Aha!" whispered Hovis to Dr. Wilson, "from that rumble I deduce that this man has a wooden leg, wears gaudy clothes, and is carrying a briefcase, or that my landlady has taken a turn for the worse."

"Or the bottle", muttered Wilson. "But how did you know about the man?"

"You know my methods. It was simple. I saw him come in at the front door."

The door opened and in came the most amazing person. He was wearing a blue beret, green false moustache, and orange trousers.

"Welcome, Inspector," said Hovis, taking out and lighting his long curved cigarette. "I like the uniform. I presume you have a case?"

"Yes, a leather one," said the Inspector. "Oh, I see what you mean. My wallet and left foot have been taken."

"Have you tried the end of your left leg for the foot?" said Hovis.

"No. Oh, it's there! You *are* clever," said the Inspector. "What about the wallet?"

"Of course," replied Hovis. "I took it. How else would we Private Eyes make a living? Come on, Wilson. Tie him up. Let's see what else he's got for the picking . . ."

R. WYE (II)

LANDSCAPE

In a tomb-dank death-field deep in night,
 Black cats, harbingers of something,
 A wind in the trees blowing somewhence,
 Somewhither the seethe of whispers
 Of passionate talk in the part dark.
 Soundlists of silent chatterings snake through
 The murky profundity which pours forth
 Satanic symbols in pallid golden misty and bloodstained wax.
 The past lives in the present,
 The present in the future,
 But what has not yet happened
 Has not yet happened.
 A purple glow of east;
 The vaults of sky open up with pellucid pale and yellowed cloudbank,
 Blue corridors leading to eternity.
 Semper eadem.

J.A.B. (LVI)

DAY OF JUDGEMENT

The north-west corner of the sky was a blazing green. People were in panic and monorails stood still. There was a deathly silence, all except for a weird clicking. A giant craft was heading for earth. Hot gases and smoke could be seen enveloping the luminous ball.

An hour later, the green U.F.O. was floating calmly in the Pacific. Into the clear waters seeped a dense liquid, immediately sinking to the bottom and covering the coral rocks. Out of the jelly emerged spherical silvery creatures, which swam with incredible speed towards land. As soon as they sensed it, a small hole appeared in their casing, a thin rod was thrust out and touched land. A small explosion and then a narrow runnel was formed!

The "ASTIM" (the name of the creatures) slid smoothly into the round hole of the tunnel. They were, it seemed, underground burrowers.

Each one emerged after about a mile of tunnelling. One met a horse and ejected a pungent green gas. The horse fell like a stone. It gasped for air, tried to rise, but fell dead. The "Astims" then calmly travelled along the grass and etched a path for themselves. They were destroyers of life.

The deadly column of silver spheres travelled to a city. There they linked up with their rods. A strange pulsing noise came from the group, which had formed up in a hexagon. It started to glow green, the temperature rose rapidly. The hexagon exploded and a mushroom cloud grew. The city disintegrated. The whole earth was showered with radiation. It was the end of mankind.

P. BALUK (II)

COBB'S DEATH—A THEORY

In the autumn of 1952, John Cobb, holder of the land speed record, set out for the "double". He intended to break the water speed record on Loch Ness. The warnings—some light-hearted, some deadly serious—of those who feared an untimely appearance of the famous Monster were scoffed at: what could even the monster do to a 250 m.p.h. jet boat?

Cobb made his first run, waited for any disturbance caused by his wake to die down, and then set off on the second run necessary for an official record. Half-way along the course the boat bounced up and down several times and then exploded. Cobb's body was never recovered.

Subsequent theories as to the cause of the crash narrowed down to three possibilities—either the boat "took off", as did the late Donald Campbell's "Bluebird"; or it hit a submerged log, which caused it to leap out of the water; or it hit a patch of disturbed water. The matter was dropped until a detailed examination of film of the crash was carried out, only a few years ago. In this a small line of ripples was noted, which caused the craft to bounce out of the water. Enlargements of the film showed that the ripples were not of a sort to have been caused by Cobb's own wake, left on the first run. Only two possibilities remained. The ripples had been caused by either the wind or an underwater object.

But observers claimed that there had been an absolute flat calm—a factor which had been deemed to be a prime consideration in the choice of time for the attempt. Therefore the other alternative is that the ripples were the wake of an object moving underwater. The most commonly reported indication of the Monster's presence is an inexplicable wake on the surface of the Loch. And in spite of its name, the Monster is believed to be quite timid. Did the noise of the boat frighten it, and, in moving away, did it set up the line of ripples that killed John Cobb, the man who refused to believe that even the Monster could upset his attempt on the record?

C. MORRIS (VI)

SLOUGH—THE CENTRE OF MOTOR RACING

For several years now Britain has been the top nation in motor racing—both for its drivers and cars. Slough contributes a great deal to this prestige, since it has five top racing teams. Perhaps the most famous and successful is the Bruce McLaren Racing Team, which builds its own cars at Colnbrook. This year, Denny Hulme, the reigning world champion, and Bruce McLaren will be out to win the World Championship. The pair have already had much success. Denny Hulme came fifth in the South African "Grand Prix", won the Silverstone "F.1" race, came third in the "Race of Champions", and second in the Spanish "Grand Prix". Bruce McLaren won the Race of Champions and came second to Hulme at the Silverstone "F.1" race. McLaren also builds sports-racing cars, which are mainly exported to the United States.



Lola Cars Limited is based on the Trading Estate. Lola make sports racing cars, these being sold to the United States. In 1966, John Surtees won the "Car-Am" trophy for sports-racing cars in a Lola, and Bruce McLaren won this last year in a McLaren. In these Group 7 races in the United States (since these races are not held in Europe) usually eight out of the first ten finishers are Slough cars, being either Lola or McLaren. Lola also build Indianapolis cars—Graham Hill winning the 1966 race, and this year Lola hope to win the race again. John Surtees helps to run Lola, as well as the Honda F.1. team, which is also based in Slough. Nearby is the J. W. Automotive works which manufacture Ford GT40's and "Mirages" (a version of the GT40). This team had quite a lot of success last year winning several long distance races, and this year also looks like being another successful season. So far they have won the BOAC 500 miles and the Monza 1000 kilometres. Jackie Icks has made the fastest practice lap for the Le Mans 24 hours. Under the Bowling Alley there is the Roy Winklemann Racing Team, who run F.2 cars for Bochen Rindt and Alan Rees. Last year Bochen Rindt was the "king" of Formula Two, and he is tipped to be the "World Champion" one day. This year has also started off successfully. Frank Williams Racing also run a F.2 team with Piers Courage the son of the brewery owner, as the driver. He is also tipped for great honours. Almost half the cars in F.2 are either Slough built or Slough based. Therefore Slough is the most important town in the world for motor racing.

TRAPPED IN A SUBMARINE

"Close hatches! Dive, dive, dive!"

The order was given in H.M.S. "Phoenix", the jinxed submarine. Already there had been two deaths during her building, and now she was on her trial run.

We submerged, and went to 25 fathoms, rigging for a depth-charge attack. At approximately One Hundred Hours the attack began. All around us we heard the muffled "fathoms" of the exploding depth-charges. Suddenly the lights went out, and the whole guidance-system panel short-circuited. Amongst cries of alarm from my fellow-seamen, we heard the sizzling and crackling of the panel.

Quickly, with panic rising in my throat and almost choking me, I struggled to put out the fire. The smoke stung my eyes and made them water, and I fell continually over the unconscious forms of my ship-mates. I went to open the hatch, but it was jammed shut. My nerves were beginning to give way; I felt as though I were going to cry, while all the time I kept thinking of a long cool pint of beer.

Then I thought of my ship-mates; to be locked in with four dead men was almost too much for me, but suddenly Bates, the youngest groaned and stirred—he was alive! Quickly I bent over him, and found he was regaining consciousness. A hurried examination of the others showed that they were coming round too. When all were conscious, I related what I had found and what I thought had happened.

"Oh, if only we had some light!" I said.

"Well, we've got the torches," said Barker.

We found these, after agonising minutes of search, and then made a hurried examination, discovering that no more air was coming through the ventilator, and that the heating system had failed. If we didn't suffocate, we would freeze!

An hour after the disaster, things were grim! I was gasping for air, like a fish out of water, and although we were huddled together to retain as much body heat as possible, the cold soon began to affect us.

Suddenly there was a great crash and water gushed in. We had reached the seabed and hit a rock, or so it appeared in those first anxious seconds. The salt water stung agonisingly.

I regained consciousness to find the water already high, and rising rapidly. By now, most of my toes were mere stumps, through frostbite, and the salt on them was red-hot. I took a piece of wood to bite on, and piled my dead friends on top of each other. I put the stick between my teeth, and with short stumbling steps like a baby, I walked towards the pile.

Each step was agony. My feet were burning with pain, and I nearly bit the wood in two. My eyes were showering tears. My fingers were bleeding because of the pain. My eyes began to mist . . . mist . . . and I was falling forward . . .

E. WOLOSZYN (1)

RUTHLESS RHYMES

On Bonfire Night I had no Guy,
So I put my mother on to fry.
I thought she burnt extremely well:
The only snag was the nasty smell.

A TASTY MORSEL

Hugh Peters was a medical student renowned for his bad manners. His table manners in particular were quite atrocious. He was an utter glutton.

Every evening it was his habit to dine in a certain small restaurant. He nearly always dined alone because if a girl ever dined with him once, she never dined with him again on account of his table manners. Hugh didn't really mind, because he thought it was rather stupid to spend money on a girl when he could spend it on more food for himself.

One night Hugh dined at the restaurant, alone as usual. While he was drinking his soup, he noticed a small bone in his bowl with some meat attached to it. Not seeing any sense in wasting this extra morsel, he dipped his fingers in the soup and pulled out the bone. Then oblivious to the disgusted looks of the other diners he proceeded to eat with relish the meat attached to the bone. When the bone was clean he put it in his pocket. As he did this it occurred to him that the structure of the bone was rather familiar to him. But he soon forgot it when he saw the second course being brought to his table.

Next morning Hugh settled down to read the paper. While he was reading, he fiddled with the bone in his pocket which he hadn't yet bothered to throw away. As his eye wandered across a page a small article caught his eye. It read as follows:

"Last night one of the cooks at the——restaurant was chopping up vegetables for a soup, misjudged his aim and chopped off the top joint of the index finger of his left hand. He then fainted and while some of the kitchen staff tended him, the rest went on preparing food. Apparently one of these tipped the chopped vegetables into the pot without noticing the cook's finger among them."

Hugh didn't need to read any further. He realised now why the bone in his pocket, was familiar.

Before he could even get up, he was violently sick.

J. MAY (III)

Whilst watching "Dixon" mum did expire,
Tearing out an electric wire.
Dad was in a dreadful state,
"My favourite programme's on at eight!"

M. BROADBENT (I)

J.C. '68

They stood on a hillside overlooking the drab lines of the town, as a swirling drizzle fell and blurred the outlines of the distant cooling-towers and factory chimneys. One, obviously the leader of the group, stood with his hands thrust deep inside his khaki-green "parka", and since he said nothing, nobody was speaking. Finally, turning to his comrades, he prepared to outline his plan. As they waited, the group of what would once have been called "Mods" stood in poses struck for nonchalant effect, leaning all their weight on one leg, hands in pockets of "Levi" jeans, heads, with short hair and long sideboards, inclined to one side. This was the most noticeable feature of this group as they waited, fidgeting, for their leader to speak, that everything they did was consciously to produce a certain effect. The leader spoke, slowly: "Yeah. Right, lads, this is what we do, see. I want a couple of you to get in there and borrow a scooter—G.S.'ll do. And Pete, you get some white paint from somewhere. Oh, John and Steve, before you go—if anyone asks you why you want the scooter, you just tell 'em I want it, right? Right, see you". Two hours later, it was nearly dark, and the tasks were completed. The white paint had been daubed rather crudely to the side of the scooter,—"J.C. 68". Once again, the leader addressed them: "O.K. Let's move in. I'll have the scooter, you lot walk along on each side. Don't drag."

It was an impressive sight, the train of about twelve tall figures grouped around the central figure on the scooter, as they moved slowly along the main road into the town. Word had travelled fast: every "Rocker" in town with any respect for his machine and leather-jacket status had turned out to "welcome the new Moddy-boys." Just along the road, a greasy-looking individual with "Rick—Cellar" encrusted on his leathers with studs, rushed into a packed, sweltering roadside cafe (The "Cellar"), and gave the alarm: "Moddy-boys coming!" There was a general excitement and rush towards the door, towards the gleaming row of machines, which roared into throbbing noise at the hands of their muffled owners. They raced off in twos and threes and formed up in an extended line across the road, several hundred yards away, machines revving. Headlamps glittered on the wet tarmac, and into the arc of yellow light came the procession with the scooter. They halted, and there was an awkward silence as each person sneered and tried to look more than equal to the one opposite himself. A few jaws moved slowly on gum; nobody blinked. Then the pitch of the machines' engines began to rise, and a few front wheels quivered forward. Suddenly, there were motor-bikes weaving in all directions, and people rushing madly about between the tangle of wheels. The leader on the scooter was shouting wildly: "Look, we've not come to cause trouble!" but nobody heard him, nor would anybody have taken any notice if they had. A bike smashed into the side of the scooter, sending him sprawling in the road, but he immediately leapt up and darted down a narrow, unlit alley. Four motor bikes followed, making the alley walls thunder, until they reached what they knew was a blank wall. There in the dazzle from four headlamps, was their victim, back against the wall, arms outstretched level with his shoulders, head bent downwards and to one side to shield his eyes from the glare. In the confined space, a half-whispered order rang out:

"Right, lads, rip 'im!" Blades flashed; the four advanced slowly. "Fight, boy!" But he did not fight—he stood as if nailed to the wall, which only had the effect of further provoking the four. There was a quick movement, and the lone figure crumpled, blood dripping from his right side. One of the four spat on the figure dying on the wet ground. They then crouched over the body, the headlights glinting on their studded jackets: "Mick—B.S.A.", "Dave—London". They picked straws as to who should take the smart "Levi" denim jacket, but discarded the parka. Kicking their machines back into life, the four roared off back along the alley, and as the noise receded, a calm descended once again on the brick alley. The moon glanced out, gleaming darkly on a patch near the sprawled body, lighting up the white lettering on the crumpled, discarded parka: "J.C.—Jerusalem."

D. KITSON (VI)

RADIO

Although radio is a technical and scientific hobby, it is no less enjoyable than non-technical hobbies. Many people also imagine that it takes hundreds of pounds merely to start. However, you could quite easily start with the family set, if it operates on the Short-wave bands, or, if no set is available, one can quite easily be built for £4-£5, with little knowledge or skill.

One essential, even if you are using a £700 radio, is a good aerial, and, if at all possible, an earth. There are many types of aerial, ranging from a dipole to a long wire. The long-wire is the easiest aerial for the beginner; basically, it should be as long and highly placed as possible. One should also try to keep away from buildings as far as possible, and both ends should be insulated from the support. To the end of the wire nearest to the house, connect a piece of wire long enough to reach the aerial socket on the receiver.

If one has not got enough knowledge to build a set, one can instead, buy a Government Surplus receiver. These sets are normally sold at a fraction of their original price. Suitable receivers for the beginner are the 19 Set (Mark III), T.C.S., and the R1155. Many modifications have been published to improve the usefulness of these sets. They can be bought for between £3 and £12, depending on their condition. If one has £15 to £30 to spend, sets such as the CR100, AR88D, and the H.R.O. can be purchased—these sets will give excellent results, providing one has an efficient aerial.

In my opinion, the most interesting stations to listen to are the amateur stations. Broadcasters on these bands are people who have gained a transmitting licence, and they can be heard on 160, 80, 40, 20, 15, 10, 2, metres, and 70 and 23 centimetres. The best bands to listen to for locals are 160 and 80 metres.

If one is really interested in Radio, it is worthwhile reading one of the many magazines which appear monthly. These include "Practical Wireless", "Radio Constructor", "Practical Electronics", "Wireless World", and the "Short-Wave Magazine". Help can also be obtained by joining a club, such as the school society which meets every Friday after school.

P. ANGELL (III)

WINTER

The thin landscape of Christmas
Is never seen.
We've been looking for years.
Where it's been
Is anyone's guess.
"Only on greetings cards
Have I seen
The gay, red coaches and snow,"
Replied January, bitterly.

SPRING

Dark ditches lined with celandines
Posing as buttercups.
Spring the phoney season.
Artificial, and deserves no more words.

SUMMER

The time of cricket matches,
Lightning flashes,
Tennis racket smashes,
Wimbledon,
Carnivals of dingy, leathery, hate-filled
Carnivals.

M. GROSCH (VI)

SLIGHT MISHAP!

Donggg—the bell of the ancient church struck 1 a.m., the note dying until the nearby screeching of the old rusty mill-wheel's turnings could be heard again. Overlooking the graveyard was a withered yew-tree, and its gnarled branches and the ground around it was covered with snow. It was a bitter night; the sky was a deep cold blue, the wind had stilled. A lonely bat's outline showed fleetingly as it shivered through the moon-beams.

Dead silence, except for the mill! Not a bird sang, not a rat scurried across the graves; no wind, not a whisper; no owl hooted, no lights showed in the houses; all slept!

The graves were untended. Weeds had long since smudged over their outlines. Cracks appeared on the tombstones, and the tiny recesses of the inscriptions were soiled and clotted with dust and mould. They had been forgotten long ago.

Suddenly, laughter . . . a young couple returning from a party: "Oh George, you should have been a comedian . . . ha ha! . . . But I must be going now . . . No, it's all right, I've only got to go round the corner."

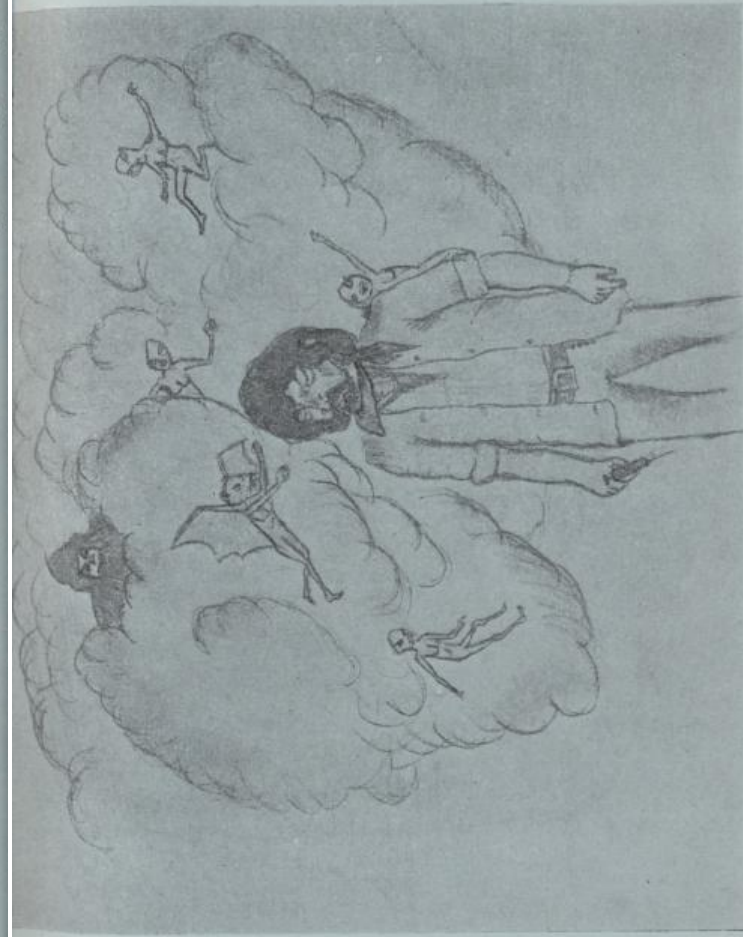
George's hesitant protests were overruled, and his footsteps slowly faded into the night as the girl listened. She turned to go home, strolling casually, in high spirits and quietly humming to herself. Round the corner, and she suddenly thrilled with horror—her mouth stood agape, she took a breath to scream, her hands jerked from her pockets and she clutched them against her face, fingers asplaw. The whites of her eyes showed bright in the moonbeams. She could feel the hairs on her legs and arms erect as a cold shiver jarred through her.

Lit by the moon, a figure in monk's black cape and large hood confronted her, his hands in drooping sleeves, a cord round his waist. A menacing smile swept over his cold face. His hands pushed out of the sleeves, in one of them a broad-bladed knife, in the other a razor wickedly gleaming. He leapt forward with a yell of laughter.

Before the woman could reach the climax of her scream, it was choked off abruptly, and instead a cough and helpless moan of pain was all she could utter. Tears pricked into her eyes, tears of pain and shock. The man slashed at her throat with the razor, and then pushed the knife deep into her stomach. She gave a last painful breath and then slumped to the ground. The man continued to slash and cut at her until the ground was greasy with blood. Finally he straightened. He fetched from round the corner of the graveyard wall a sack, brush, and bucket of water. He swilled away the blood, put the body in the sack, and threw this into the mill-race. His chuckles ebbed and finally subsided as he strode away into the night.

The possibility of detection did not enter into his mind.

M. BOND (III)



LATE NIGHT BLUES

Sitting in the sun waiting for the words to come.
 Sitting in the sun waiting for the words to come.
 If they don't come soon I'll turn on Radio 4 and
 copy the songs, just like you would, if it was half-past nine and you were
 tired and and sick to the teeth with obnoxious television programmes.

M. GROSCH (VI)

THE SLUMS

The love of the land;
 No love is here . . .
 The street quiet shows,
 And death is near.
 Overloaded dustbins,
 ruined houses,
 and, through the littered streets,
 a staring tramp browses.
 A half-naked boy walks barefoot home,
 and, to the world around him,
 glory is unknown.

N. SWANSTON (II)

PERPIGNAN MOUNTAINSIDE, SUMMER '67

The leviathan bird, child of man's ingenuity,
 Lies crumpled, smashed in the snow,
 Like a broken, discarded doll.
 Aluminium and blue-painted wings,
 Tourist and first-class seats, instruments,
 Lie as if they have been shaken out
 Of a pepper-pot.

Tight-faced, rescuers work in the night,
 Drained of feeling,
 Like ants round their queen.
 The corpses lie, crudely covered with overcoats,
 Among the survivors who are shocked and cared for
 By loving, simple hands.
 Ambulances rush, flashing to hospital.
 This has happened here before.

But nature may ignore man's tragedy.
 Still the snow falls, covering the horror.
 Some wreckage may be kept—
 The rest, buried by time.
 Soon, other horrors of man's progress
 Will fill our minds.

J. HALL (LVI)

THE EXPRESS

From my concealed position, I had a 'birds-eye-view' of the railway track
 stretching monotonously in both directions. The 100 mph Express was due any
 minute.

I looked at my watch: exactly three minutes, fifteen seconds. Any minute
 now I would hear its distant rumble, and then, as it came out of the trees lining
 the track, I would get a splendid view of the gleaming machine bearing down
 upon me. I glanced at my watch again. Yes, any second. Then, all of a sudden,
 I heard it, at first softly, and then slowly building up until it finally appeared
 out of the trees. Everything was going to plan, not long now.

Nearer and nearer it thundered, inch by inch the gap between us narrowed.
 As the train thundered past I was nearly deafened by the noise as it sped along
 the line. Then there was a tremendous screeching of brakes as the train squealed
 to a halt. I walked over to the track. Splendid, I thought, as I looked at it. This
 model works well.

W. DENWOOD (IV)

THE END OF THE WORLD

My exploration of the underground caves had now come to an end and I
 was making my way to the surface. Even though this was a deserted part of the
 countryside there was a strange unearthly stillness, but I thought perhaps my
 stay underground had affected my senses.

I made my way to my car and began the journey back to the city. On the
 way I passed no other cars and there was no sign of animal life.

On reaching the city I saw many abandoned cars but still no sign of people.
 But the worse was yet to come. As I neared the city centre I found it completely
 destroyed, and I came to the conclusion that there had been a nuclear war while
 I had been underground. I assumed that all the people had gone to the shelters,
 but on checking several I found they had been ineffective and everyone was dead.

A sudden cold sweat came over me and I became frantic. I rushed to and fro,
 here and there looking for someone, something that I was familiar with.

Then I got in my car and rushed towards my own home. It was no different.
 My family were gone, where I did not know but I assumed them to be dead. This
 was a horrible experience and I hoped it was perhaps a dream, a frightful dream.

I then decided to contact someone, anyone by telephone. It was of no
 use, and desperately I tried the radio, but there was no response from anywhere
 in the world.

I finally decided that I must face reality. There was no longer a world,
 and every human being and animal alike was dead.

I was more like a second Adam, alone in a strange, new world. As I looked
 around even the sky seemed different and suddenly I was aware of the thunder
 and lightning that had developed, and even the heavens seemed to shake above
 me.

I now sensed for the first time that this was the end of the world for me also.
 The storms became more violent, the whole atmosphere seemed to explode and
 I knew no more.

J. EDWARDS (I)

Hello, Mr. Python,
 Curling round a tree,
 Bet you'd like to make yourself
 A dinner out of me.

Can't you change your habits,
 Crushing people's bones?
 I wouldn't like a dinner
 That emitted fearful groans.

M. VARIAN (IIIA)

ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, C. of E., LANGLEY

Built in 1150, St. Mary's is the second oldest church in Slough. It is one of the best examples of Norman architecture in the area. The church is divided into four sections, the north and south naves, the library and the sanctuary. The south nave was built in 1150, the north was built thirty years later and was separated from the other by a colonnade of wooden pillars. The sanctuary and choir has a very well preserved chancel screen. Along the walls of the choir are a set of gargoyles known as the "Green Men". On the floor of the sanctuary are a set of patterned tiles made at Penn near Beaconsfield. The main attraction in the chancel is the memorial to Sir John Kidderminster, his wife and children. The tower and the library were built in the late sixteenth/early seventeenth century by Sir John. The four main points of interest in the library are as follows: first, the frieze, which depicts the saints and views of the surrounding countryside; secondly, the fire-place, above which stands the shield of the Kidderminsters; thirdly the portraits of Sir John and his wife, and fourthly, the family vault, which lies directly below the library, and in which lie seventeen Kidderminsters.

The font, which is Norman, octagonal and lead-lined, is no longer used. The bread shelf by the gigantic church door, was once a place where the wealthy of the parish would leave loaves of bread for the poor to take away and eat. The pulpit is Jacobean in design and the four steps leading up to it represent the four gospels. Another point of symbolism is the twelve-branch candleabra which represents the twelve apostles. Many of the above things are unique to this church and are well worth seeing.

I. A. S. MASSIE (IV)

LIVERPOOL—SUNDAY EVENING—1956

Red gold fireball sun low in the western sky curtained by the first, wispy mist. Round the curve into Lime Street grinds the car, and so begins the familiar slow descent—click clack of iron wheel on rail joint—down into sunlight patch and out again, down through the strange Sunday-best stillness of the City, down finally to creep beneath the grey booming girders of the 'Overhead', ("This way for trains to Seaforth Sands; this way for Dingle; trains every two minutes") past the square white Mersey tunnel towers to the riverside.

An abrupt jerk. Phosphorous fire flares from the trolley, blinding the eyes, and tormented shrieks are wrung from the wheels. "Pierhead!" All change.

Down from the comforting warmth and leather-and-new-paint smell of the tram we walk through the gathering evening the few yards to the river's edge. The flow, dark and sinister as the Styx, sets the bare landing stage into gentle motion. Suddenly the murmur of voices—"Here she comes!" Appropriately—almost alive this ferryboat. Part kettle simmering comfortably on fat, round saucer, part puppy with threshing tail fussing crabwise up to the quay. Tinkle of telegraph, grating of gangway, clatter of footsteps; and away on the instant we scurry, busy heart beating beneath the sturdy deck, foaming tail beneath the stern.

From the mist ahead looms without warning a dark towering mass; a deep siren drones mournfully; so close; straight iron bow, solid red funnel, gracious counter stern; close enough now to pick out the letters F.R.A.N.C.O.N.I.A., drifting imperceptibly down river on the tide, Canada bound. Abruptly we seem to waken, make our reply with sharp squeals, leap smartly sideways and scuttle close around the lady's very skirts.

And so to Birkenhead; a jostle of shorebound passengers quickly swallowed in the vast empty maw of the Dock shed. Up towards Hamilton Square and on the river the first lights blink solemnly. It will be a clear evening after all.

D.A.R.

RAIL TALE

The 11.15 express from Derby and Nottingham had arrived; trailing our clattering barrows through the customary impatient crowd surging at the ticket barrier, we had cleared the rear brake van of its luggage and packages and were now tucked away in the quietest corner of the parcels office discussing the important business of the day—the racing page of the "Daily Mirror".

Suddenly our dreams of easy fortunes are clipped short; the more friendly of our Station Inspectors interrupts with a strange question: "Seen the car in the brake of the Derby?" We have encountered his humour before; we smile. Oddly, he does not appear pleased: instructions are snapped out—and we move!

Sure enough, tucked neatly in the unexamined front end van of the train with scarce an inch to spare at either end we find a small but formidable blue three-wheeler. A ramp to provide a link from van to platform is found and hauled into place; turning our effort to the car, we attempt to manoeuvre it through 90°, a task made difficult by locked doors and cramped space. Five minutes' struggle achieves nothing: the van is simply small. The car will have to return with the train to Derby!

But our Inspector, undaunted, has an idea; we open the offside doors of the van, even though these will obstruct the 12.00 diesel train to Lincoln standing on the next track, and edge the vehicle through, some of us supporting it 'in mid-air' to enable the critical manoeuvre to be made by the others inside the van.

However, we had all reckoned without our individual Head-Shunter. 'Pop', as we all knew him, stout, perspiring and ever begrimed, in appearance an impatient chimney-sweep, was a familiar sight on the platforms or between the tracks, perched unsteadily on a bicycle. As the procedure was, while we were busy, he had imperceptibly attached the Station Pilot locomotive to the rear of the train in order to transfer the coaches to the carriage sidings. Unfortunately he chose this exact moment to start the train without warning.

The resulting picture can best be left to the imagination: be it sufficient that, although the car was saved, the brake van was fit only for condemnation as scrap!

D.A.R.

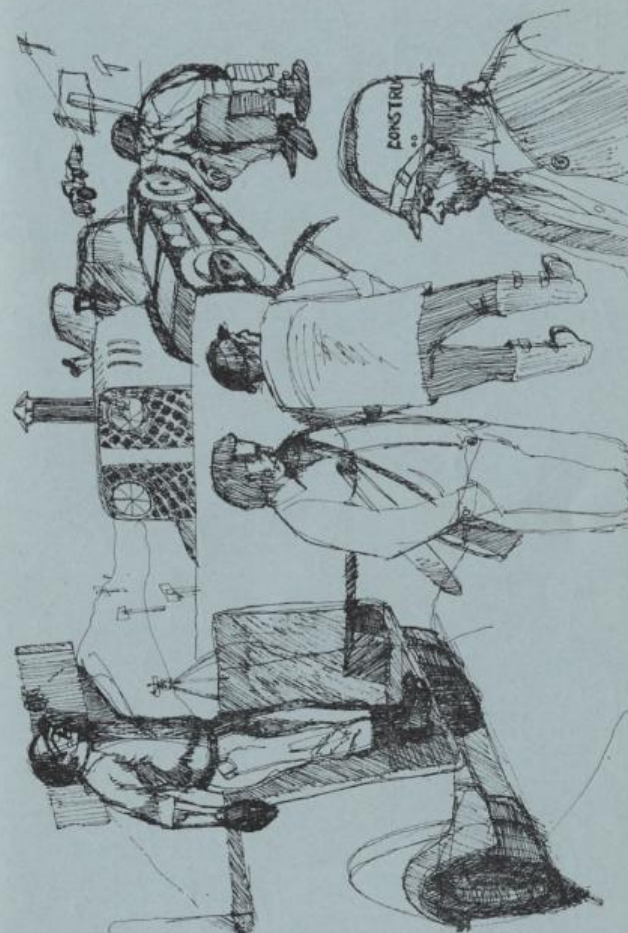
A FOOTBALL QUIZ

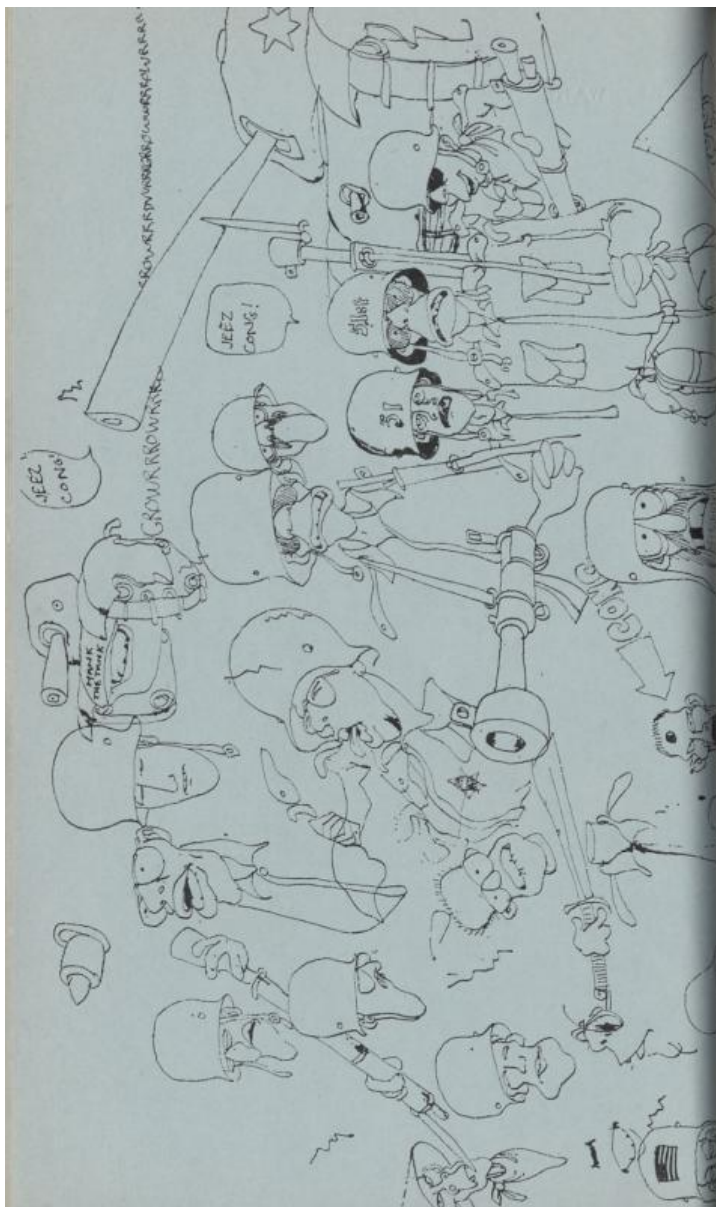
The Red centre-forward kicks off, but the referee orders the kick to be retaken, because the ball was kicked——(1). This time, the ball reaches the Red outside right, but he cannot keep it in play, so he handles the ball. From the resulting——(2) free kick, the Red goalie is tested by a hard shot from a Blue along the ground. He saves, but the ball is pushed out, and without anyone else touching it, a Blue shoots hard into the back of the net. The referee awards a——(3). From the——(4) the Reds make a raid on the Blue goal, and with the goalie well beaten, a Blue defender handles, but the ball trickles over the goal-line. The referee awards——(5). The score, after 15 minutes play, is therefore——(6).

A lot of midfield play follows, and the Red centre-half is temporarily hurt and has to leave the field. The game is re-started by——(7). The next attacking movement brings a corner to the Blues. This is played out, but the Blue left-half hits the ball hard towards the goal. The ball skids off the referee into the goal. The referee rightly awards——(8) to the Blues. Some time later a penalty is awarded to Reds, just before half-time. The Red centre forward kicks straight at the goalie, who punches the ball out. The centre forward makes no mistake this time. Simultaneously, the whistle goes for——(9)——(10).

J. GARNHAM, (III)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 64





SPORT

1st XI SOCCER					
Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
39	25	4	10	113	59

Although we lost all but four of the previous year's team, the results indicate a far more successful season than we anticipated. They could have been even better had we been able to field a settled team. The services of R. Poulter (Captain) and J. Campbell were lost for long periods because of injury, and the "Wednesday XI" seldom included any 5th Form players. Despite these difficulties some delightful soccer was played on occasions, and all successes were well deserved. When we lost, the cause could usually be traced to a "slack" defence (far too many goals were given away) or to forwards who made hard work of attacking by failing to use the wing space.



Team R. J. Gibbs Cup
With grateful acknowledgments of Slough "Observer"

We expected, and obtained an excellent season from C. Avis, Vice-Captain and striker. His 47 goals were the result of speed plus skill, and intelligent running "off the ball." A special mention too for W. Manners, in his third and by far the most successful season in the 1st XI. In September he was a left-flank attacker, struggling (as usual) to find form. During the Bradfield College game he was moved into defence and proved most effective. He remained a right-flank defender for the rest of the season; his play improved with each game, and by the end of the season he had become a polished and confident footballer.

Perhaps the highlight of the season was the R. J. Gibbs Cup Competition. Franciscan College, Buckingham, Wycombe Technical High School and Radcliffe School, Wolverton, were beaten on the way to the final with Langley Grammar School. In this game, on the Dolphin Stadium under floodlights, we managed to become the first holders of the trophy. It was a hard close game, the result in doubt until K. Giles scored late in the second half.

J.G.M. and I.R.

Team from:—

T. Agnew, ††**C. Avis, R. Behan, †*K. Butler, †*J. Campbell, M. Clarke, N. Chilcott, * Franklin, K. Giles, K. Hampton, T. Lewin, *W. Manners, **K. Martin, N. Martin, †**M. Paxton, ††**R. Poulter, †I. Rance, S. Scattergood, M. Sherwood-Smith, G. Watterson, ††R. Wood.

** Colours awarded 1966-7-8 season.

* Colours awarded 1967-8 season.

† Bucks County G.S.F.A. XI.

†† Inter Counties Soccer Tournament.

The team would like to thank Mr. Myatt for his invaluable advice and help given throughout the season, and all other members of staff who refereed, or escorted the team on away fixtures.

I. RANCE (Hon. Secretary)

2nd XI					
Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
31	22	2	7	130	51

The 2nd XI began the season extremely well, but faltered slightly towards the end. Considering the number of changes in the team from week to week forced by circumstances, or regular members of the team being called on for 1st XI duty, the 2nd XI maintained form well.

K. Giles started the season as goalkeeper, then through emergency came out onto the field to play with such proficiency that he was soon in the 1st XI; B. Godfrey of the 5th form took his place in goal which he retained for the rest of the season. John Elder, an excellent captain and centre-half, was an inspiration to the team before he left at Christmas: T. Agnew took over as captain. The full-backs were generally chosen from K. Dougan, C. Pratt, T. Garrard and D. Badby, who all gave their best, and were always keen to play. The most consistent member of the team was R. Behan, who could always be relied upon to play well. T. Lewin (a tireless worker with limitless spirit and energy) and T. Agnew, generally won control of midfield.

The forwards tended to miss chances but nevertheless finished the season with a formidable goal tally. R. Amoroso proved to be a good opportunist and finished the season as top scorer with 25 goals. T. Agnew scored 23, closely followed by the speedy wingers R. Boywer and S. Littlefair with 18 and 15 goals respectively. K. Hampton's shooting power created 17 goals and the remainder were shared out amongst the rest of the team. N. Birt and W. Brench also played when called on and proved to be capable deputies.

We would like to thank Mr. Hughes, who as team manager, showed an enthusiastic interest, and performed invaluable work in team selection. Also many thanks to all staff referees and 'escorts.'

T. M. AGNEW

UNDER FIFTEEN SOCCER

Total number of games played	Won	Drawn	Lost
23	15	3	5

The Under Fifteen team had an unrewarding season in both league and cup. We were heavily defeated by Warrenfield early in the season and soon after were eliminated from the Rebel Shield Competition. Team play improved gradually, however, and only one further league match was lost. This was the last game of the season and, unfortunately for us, the league decider.

1st XV RUGBY, 1967-68

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points
29	11	2	16	208-341

The 1st XV's record for 1967-68, although in fact the second-best in the School's short Rugby-playing history, was disappointing in comparison with the record-breaking 1966-67 season. There are valid excuses for this decline, such as the severe crop of injuries suffered and the even stronger fixture list than in 1966-67, but basically it is quite clear that the side was not as strong as that of the previous season. There were a few heavy defeats against strong opponents (injuries explained the severity of two of them) but three of these sides were met in return games and much more respectable performances were put up, the margins of defeat being greatly reduced. The best victories were secured, strangely enough, against adult opposition. Slough College 2nd XV were defeated 30-0 in a torrential rainstorm and Bulmershe College 2nd XV were beaten 11-6 and 8-6 in two very hard games. Other victories were secured against William Borlase, Wycombe T.H.S. (twice), Ealing G.S., Bishopshalt G.S., Langley G.S., St. Nicholas G.S. 3rd XV and Vyners' G.S. The worst performance was the 10-3 defeat inflicted by the virtual novices of Dr. Challoner's G.S.

Although the team defended well, Kenneally, Stevens, Thwaites and Jackson tackling tenaciously, there was a lack of penetration due partly to weak handling and partly to the fact that scrum-half was a problem position. Bloxham, who was moved to fly-half in order to use his tactical experience, was rarely given fast enough service to be able to get his line going, but he did manage to score five tries and three drop-goals. Thomas filled Bloxham's old position at full-back adequately; Murphy was a promising scrum-half but could not play regularly.

The forwards were not as strong as in previous years, though Jones and the very promising fifth-former, Price, performed well in the lineout, and Chenhall looked well until he left school in January. Peterson, who scored eleven tries, was a useful attacking wing-forward and Hughes played some storming games though he missed much of the season with a leg injury. Bridge proved a reliable kicker and ended the season with 73 points.

The only representative honours were gained by Ian Hughes, who, through his membership of Slough R.F.C. Colts XV, played for South of England Colts.

Colours reawarded to:—P. Bloxham (Captain).

Colours awarded to:—W. Bridge, I. Hughes, K. Jones, M. Peterson and T. Thwaites.

Half Colours awarded to:—B. Cooke, C. Davies, D. Hudson, P. Jackson, M. Kenneally, J. Price, P. Stevens, R. Thomas, R. Willets.

Others who played were:—M. Nielsen, P. Reynolds, J. Phear, P. Murphy, M. Kempster, R. Lompe, R. Clay, E. Landale, A. Crosbie-Jones, D. Rogerson, A. Bastin, D. Crosswell and, of course, A. Chenhall, who was vice-captain until he left school.

D.J.B.

JUNIOR RUGBY XV's, 1967-68

There was a tremendous rise in the standards of the newly-formed junior sides in 1967-68, notably in the case of the Under 15's. In a strong fixture list of fifteen games, eight victories were recorded and 170 points scored against 136. The only sizeable defeats were inflicted by the virtually invincible St. Joseph's and Westgate sides, whereas notable victories were secured against Rugby-playing schools such as Orchard (twice), Furze Platt (twice) and, best of all, Aylesbury Grammar School. Also defeated were Eton College U.16's, Slough Tech. H.S. and Churchmead (45-0). This group should provide a very strong 1st XV in a few years.

Probably the most improved player was the giant forward D. Crosswell, who played for Slough District and Buckinghamshire U.15's. Ably supporting him were C. Brown, S. Maddams and the vociferous pack leader, S. Amor. Another much-improved player was B. Black, while P. Twigg also played well.

The threequarters tackled adequately and ran with considerable penetration. R. Lole scored twelve tries, several of them being created by the excellent half-backs, S. Clough and G. Cannings. N. Wood-Dow was a reliable full-back and G. Cunningham played well in a variety of positions. Finally, mention must be made of the diminutive R. Chenhall, who took great delight in selecting the largest opponents and flattening them with bone-crunching tackles.

Honours:—

Semi-finalists, District Seven-a-Sides.

County players—D. Crosswell.

District players—D. Crosswell, G. Cannings.

Three U.16 games were played, though most of the side were U.15's. Of the 'genuine' U.16's, J. Price, P. Murphy, C. Pope, P. Fletcher, A. Doig and E. Landale look as if they will be 1st XV stalwarts in the future.

The Under 14's won five of their six games, but the only strong opposition encountered, Warrenfield, inflicted a 35-0 defeat. J. Sandom was a strong asset in the forwards and S. Burgess the most penetrating three-quarter. Other promising players were K. Green, I. Rafferty, R. Ireland, N. Jackson, N. Day, H. Middlemass and D. Cooke. P. Owens was a useful acquisition in mid-season from Pontllanfraith.

D.J.B.

HOUSE SEVENS

The first-ever Inter-House Seven-a-Sides were held in the Easter term, the winners being Gray U.20's and Hampden U.15's. The tournament was most enjoyable and the general standard of play quite deplorable!

D.J.B.

HOCKEY, 1967-68

Captain—P. Willatts; Vice-Captain—J. Treble.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
26	8	6	12	49	41

The season promised to be a lean one, as only three members of last year's highly successful team were available this year. Nevertheless, a team was moulded from about fifteen fifth and sixth-formers, which matured well and developed a remarkable amount of spirit and coordination. The defence was constantly changed to add drive to a forward-line which was usually slack and never sharp in the circle, and, as a result, the defence conceded 41 goals this season. The team improved towards the latter part of the season and forced consecutive draws with Stordes and Burnham Grammar School.

At Easter, a combined school and Old Paludians XI played in the annual Teddington Hockey Festival. We emerged victorious over Cheam "Cheetahs", Hampstead "Spaniards" and Spencer; in the process, we scored 11 goals, and conceded none.

A lot of the success of the season must be credited to Mr. Curry, whose training and tactics sessions have been invaluable, both in the development of individual players, and the moulding of the team.

Finally, we would like to thank the Old Paludians' Hockey Club, which once again provided opportunities for almost the entire school XI to play in their team at one time or another.

The team:—

R. Talbot; T. Harris; C. Overton; B. Turrington; P. Willatts; A. Verma; J. Treble; R. Deuchars; D. Sharma; M. Gogna; T. Moore; S. Furtado.

Also played: A. Tyrie; W. Donoghue; M. Price; C. Seddon; R. Overton; McGlinchey; P. Dempsey; Denham.

Full Colours were awarded to: A. Verma; T. Harris; M. Gogna; B. Turrington; S. Furtado.

They were rewarded to J. Treble. Half-colour were awarded to R. Deuchars; R. Talbot; C. Overton.

A. K. VERMA (secretary)

CROSS-COUNTRY, 1967-68

The season was only average for the under 15, under 17 and under 20 teams, difficulties being experienced in obtaining interested boys from the second and third years. Despite this, the record of the junior team is excellent:—six wins and two draws. Towards the end of the season a team emerged with a very consistent achievement, and we look forward to its future: Ingvorsen and Edwards, in particular, seem likely to be star runners for the future.

In the senior team, the outstanding personality was once again Tony Moore, who was unbeaten in 10 matches, and broke two course records in the process. In two relays, he finished as individual winner from a very large field, and, having won the Bucks' Schools' Championships, he went on to represent the county at the Nationals.

Other personalities were G. Crawford, who missed only two fixtures, and regularly finished high up in the order; M. Price, who also missed only two fixtures, and, improving greatly at the end of the season, was selected as reserve for the Bucks team; M. Cooper was a regular team member, and found promising form towards the end of the season. J. Whiting, J. Foreman and J. Troke ran consistently and completed the scoring team, and J. Froggatt, having recovered from injury, was a regular runner in the second term.

Finally—if the team is to continue into future seasons and maintain its record, it must have more support.

Record:—

Run	Won	Lost
14	3	11

— Overall, the team defeated 15 teams, and lost to 17.

M.P.

SENIOR BASKET-BALL, 1967-68

Played	Won	Lost	For	Against
14	7	7	614	596

Once again the team had an enjoyable, if not very successful, season. Of the 14 games played, seven were won, and the others lost by the narrowest of margins as the points totals suggest.

Highlights of the season were a victory over Langley G.S., first win in this match for six or seven years, a good win over Ranelagh School, and perhaps the best win of all, against Bulmershe College of Education 2nd Squad.

At the beginning of the season the team did not realise its full potential, but our play improved tremendously as the season progressed and comments to this effect were made by opponents.

An Under 15 squad was formed and the game promoted generally throughout the school: training and coaching being available in the gym most lunch times and evenings, under the enthusiastic and skilful guidance of Mr. Dunn.

Team from:—

*K. Butler, * M. Sherwood-Smith, K. Martin, *R. Amoroso, †*M. Paxton, B. Szulc, †**M. Clark (Capt.), M. Peterson, P. Murphy, W. Szwajkowski.

**Colours 1966-67, 1967-68.

*Colours 1967-68.

†County Schoolboys' Team.

All basket-ball players would like to thank Mr. Dunn for his many hours of hard work, organising, coaching and refereeing.

M. CLARK

BADMINTON

Captain: J. Elder

Played	Won	Lost
15	6	9

Secretary: J. Whiting

The regular team consisting of J. Elder, A. Moore, S. Furtado, J. Whiting, J. Treble and W. Manners have enjoyed a very successful season. The results may seem a little discouraging, but we have the newly formed Badminton League to thank for that. The School VI was well beaten by some of the best badminton-playing schools in London, though at the end of the season we made amends by defeating Vyners and Bishopshalt G.S.

The League's stiff competition has added incentive to the enjoyment with which all this team have played. J. Elder and S. Furtado have proved a formidable 1st pair with the former's great strength and height telling in every game. A. Moore and J. Whiting have provided consistent support to the team, and, together with J. Treble and W. Manners, were the mainstay of the team through the season. J. Foreman, P. Harris and C. Davies, all performed admirably when called on.

An added feature this season has been the introduction of mixed doubles practice sessions with the girls of St. Bernard's Convent. Unfortunately the season was too far gone for any mixed doubles matches then to be arranged.

Finally, we wish to thank Mr. Curry for his help and guidance throughout the season. His constant presence at our matches has undoubtedly helped us a good deal.

S. FURTADO

1st XI CRICKET, 1967

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
15	6	1	8

This was a reasonably successful season. We had a convincing victory over our closest rivals, Langley G.S., and came very close to beating Ranelagh, a very strong cricket school.

P. Bloxham and I. Rance opened the batting and generally gave the side a useful start. However, the latter never really looked happy as an opener. In contrast, Bloxham, the captain, looked full of runs every time he went to the wicket and made three 50's. He broke the school record by scoring 313 runs. K. Jones, M. Dean, T. Agnew, J. Elder and G. Stickland (a very promising fourth-former) formed the middle-order batting. Outstanding were K. Jones, an exciting player to watch on his day, and J. Elder, the all-rounder of the side.

C. Avis's own spectacular brand of wicket-keeping brought many moments of light relief, but at the same time inspired great confidence in the bowlers, for he missed very few chances. He caught nine and stumped two.

K. Butler and G. Hammond spearheaded the bowling and it was very rare for them not to achieve a breakthrough. Butler, in particular, was very fast and bowled consistently well throughout the season. They were well backed up by M. Dean (a much improved bowler) and J. Elder. The spin attack was shared by D. Rumley (a left-hander with good variations of flight and spin) and I. Rance (off-spin). However, neither got as much bowling as they might have expected given kinder weather.

The team would like to thank Mr. Boardall very much indeed for his considerable efforts as team manager and umpire, and Mr. Browne as team coach. Also the scoring of William Donaghue was much appreciated by everybody. Finally, thanks are conveyed to other members of staff who so willingly gave up their invaluable time to umpire matches for us.

Most runs:—313—P. Bloxham.

Most wickets:—28—J. Elder.

Most catches:—5—I. Rance, P. Bloxham.

I. RANCE

SWIMMING

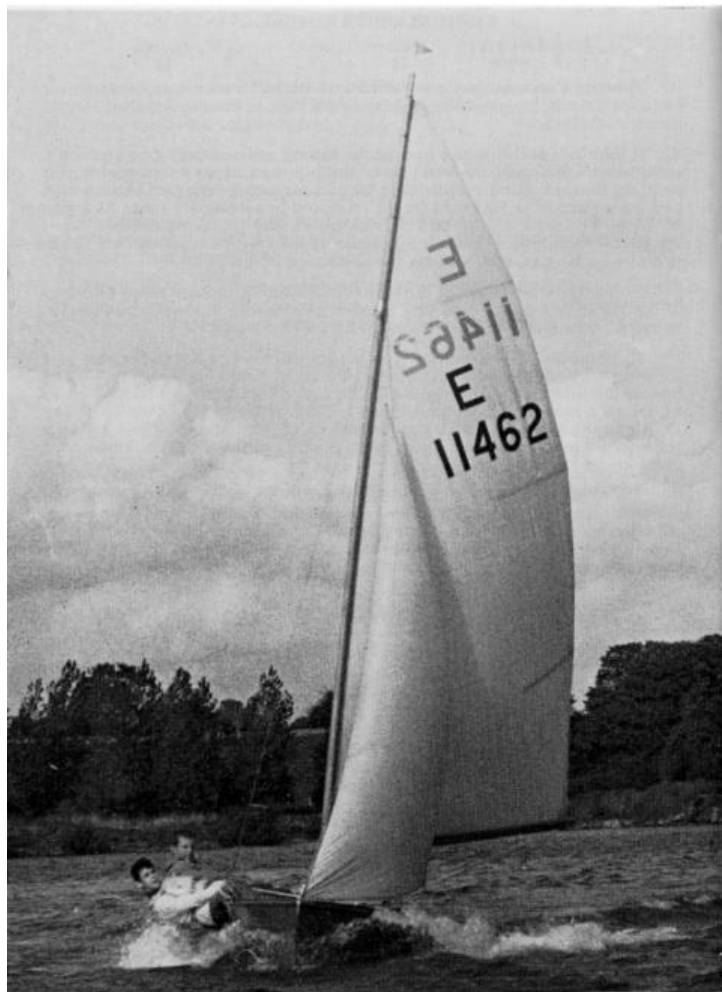
This has been a very successful year for the small hard-core of swimmers in the school.

Our first entry was in the Slough and District Intermediate Gala held for the Bryce-White Shield. Last year we were equal first; this year we were outright winners. This was an excellent performance for the very small team consisting of Michael Oliver, John Edwards, Adrian Goody, Steven Nielsen and Michael Goodchild.

The senior team of Ian Hughes, Michael Paxton, Christopher Davies and Robert Lompe had very little trouble winning the District Senior Gala. They won, not because they are very good, but because the other competitors were so poor. This gala reflects the low standard of swimming in the Slough area. It is further shown in this school by the scarcity of swimmers from the middle-school.

By the time this is in print, John Edwards, Steven Nielsen, Adrian Goody, Michael Oliver and Kenneth Green will have competed in the Slough and District Schools' Sports Association Individual Championships; we wish them well.

IAN HUGHES



The School "Enterprise" dinghy "Sago II" on a reaching plane sailed by N. Alexander, helmsman, and A Wood, crew.

Photograph by P. Charrett

THE SAILING CLUB

Commodore: N. Alexander Treasurer: P. Charrett
Secretary: R. Willetts

The Sailing Club has had a successful season since the last report in "The Swan".

In May 1967 the School team won the Wraysbury Pike Team Trophy against the best opposition, and seriously challenged the supremacy of Wraysbury Lake Sailing Club who had been holders of the Trophy for the last four years.

In September 1967 the team entered for the Thorpe Team Trophy and finished third overall—again competing against some of the top boats in the London area.

April 1968 and the team sailed in the Taplow Team Trophy. The final saw the team drawn against their old rivals, Wraysbury Lake. Because of a blunder by our illustrious Commodore, however, the team was narrowly defeated.

At the "Conversazione" in September 1967 the club provided a colourful display in the Gym with the school "Enterprise"—proudly displaying the Wraysbury Pike—the school "Heron", the "Fireball" built last year in the wood-work shop by N. Alexander and P. Charrett and an "OK" belonging to me. These boats aroused much comment from visiting parents.

We are glad to see that the Sailing bug has bitten the physics department and we congratulate Mr. Clark on building a fine "Enterprise" which was launched this May.

A new feature this year has been the showing of sailing films which have been well supported.

This year the team will be defending the Wraysbury Pike and our thanks go to Mr. Doncaster for making these successes possible.

R. WILLETTS (VI)

ROWING CLUB

For the Rowing Club it has been a very quiet season, after the glories of the previous two years. Although reasonable support has been shown on Wednesday, giving hopes of an "Eight", not enough people were prepared to forego their Sunday mornings for the necessary practice. This is a pity because our relations with Eton "Excelsior" Rowing Club have never been better, and the latter need new blood. R. Peacop, D. Archer, D. Frankl and I have been rowing regularly with the club and we would like to thank them for the facilities they so kindly place at our school's disposal. We should also like to express our gratitude to Mr. Dutton who has given us the benefit of his experience.

D. C. CAIRNS (captain)

ANGLING SOCIETY

Chairman: A. Moore Treasurer: M. Grosch

Despite the Foot-and-Mouth Epidemic the society has remained active, and eight matches were fished this season. In the points competition Reg Talbot narrowly defeated Dave Abbot, and the best fish trophy was won by Steve Pratt for a good dace from Datchet. Clive Pratt has attained 'wooden spoon' standard this year with an unintentional diving display into the Thames.

The start of the new season will see a change in the committee and it is hoped that they will be strongly supported by all anglers of the school.

R. TALBOT (secretary)

A FISHY TALE

It is said that angling is the most popular sport in Britain today. However, within the confines of the school this is not the case. Nevertheless, those four members of the angling society who do pursue the sport, do so with burning enthusiasm and dedication. To illustrate this it is only necessary to describe a typical school match. Three of the four members are duly assembled at Windsor station at 7.15 a.m. on a freezing cold Sunday morning. It is then that the Hon. Secretary discovers that the first train leaves at 8.15 a.m. Nil desperandum! Time soon passes when you're asleep on your tackle box.

At 9.00 a.m. we reach our port of call, Richmond. After much arguing and discussion we find the river. Here comes the first blow. We are stunned to find that it is low tide. We can just perceive a dribble of water 30 feet down and 20 yards out. Our agile Chairman soon shows the way to negotiate the treacherous embankment. The Treasurer is less lucky and is the first to receive a thick covering of black smelly mud. However, by 12.00 o'clock all three members have succeeded in finding a way to stay upright and fishing commences.

"Hello". Member No. 4 appears.
 "Where the — have you been?"
 No answer.
 Later, "Got any goers?"
 More abuse from Hon. Secretary.

By 3.00 p.m. with still no fish, while members 1, 2 and 3 proceed to hurl large balls of groundbait at each other, member no 4 contents himself with chewing hempseed. In the ensuing trance, to the astonishment of the three onlookers, member number 4 hooks and lands a small roach. Now fishing begins in earnest with the result that the chairman lands *two* small roach and plays for several minutes a large object, believed to be a tree trunk, before his line breaks. At 5 p.m. it is decided to end the match since it is so dark that neither float nor river can be seen. The Treasurer declares himself the winner and is congratulated only by the mumbles of disapproval from his subordinates. Innumerable tangles occur as four different sets of tackle are dismantled and packed into four different tackle boxes in the pitch darkness. At 10.00 p.m. the bedraggled party arrives in Slough, reeking of mud, and, for the privileged few, of fish slime.

S. PRATT (IV)

THE AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY

Chairman: M. Paine

Treasurer: R. Thomas

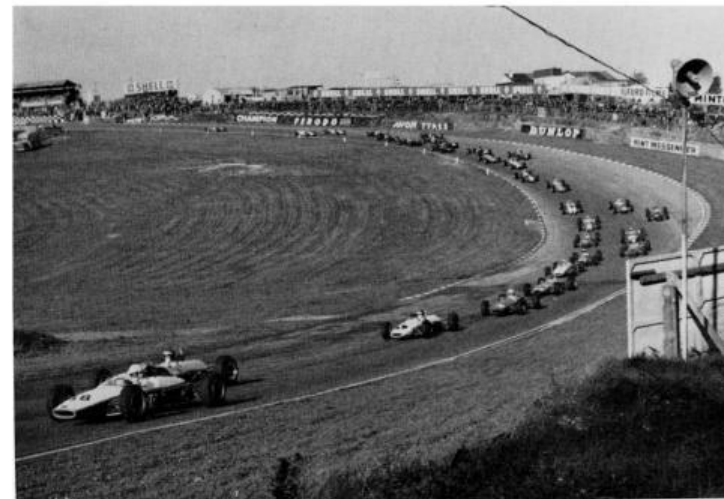
The Society has enjoyed a most successful year, in which we organised two trips, a film show and many other meetings. The two trips were to the Shuttleworth Trust at Biggleswade and the International Air Fair at Biggin Hill; both of these were enjoyed by all the members who went. The film show showed the production of the "Concorde" and some of the processes used. The membership was slightly less than last year although the members were keener. The Society would like to thank Mr. Rogers for his help and encouragement during the past year.

A. G. TYRIE (secretary)

MOTOR RACING CLUB

Following two well-supported trips to Brands Hatch in March and July or 1967, it was decided to form a more organised society, to run trips, show films, and generally encourage the juvenile version of that mad creature the motor racing enthusiast, at Slough Grammar School. The result is the Motor Racing Club. Our two trips since the formation of the club have been very well supported, as has the solitary film show. This summer, a more ambitious programme has been planned, to take in the British Grand Prix, Crystal Palace, Whit Monday, and various club meetings. If we're still here next time, we'll be well established. Given a little luck we should be.

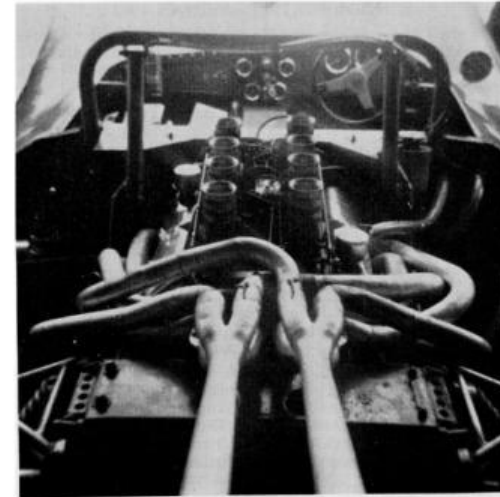
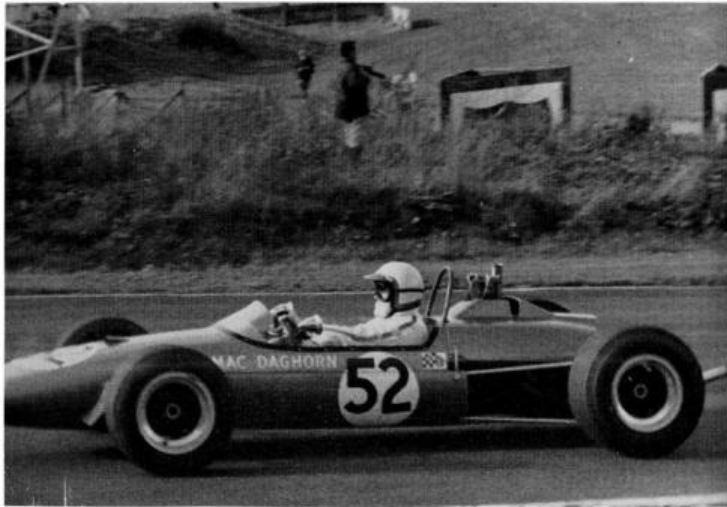
J. HALL (VI)



MODEL MOTOR RACING CLUB

This year has proved fairly successful. Although members are still having to bring their own track, the society now also owns a small quantity itself, and racing goes on each Tuesday evening in knockout competitions in the Technical Drawing room. The club is also considering a new project at the moment which involves members building their own track, and this may be begun later this year. Finally we should like to thank Mr. Thompson, who has given a lot of support to the club.

S. Oakes (III)—Chairman; Treasurer—A. Clark (III); Secretary—A. Redman (III).



Photograph: S. AVERY (III)

THE MINIATURE AUTO RACING SOCIETY

*Sponsor: Mr. Allen
Chairman: A. Larsen*

Although the society was only formed this year we have been able to hold weekly race meetings and have also been able to begin to stock up with cars and other equipment already. We extend a warm welcome to any new members. The meetings are held at 4.00 on Wednesdays in Room 31.

W. PYKE (IV) (secretary)

SCHOOL CONVERSAZIONE 1967

Last year the Conversazione was successfully revived after a lapse of three years. Most of the school's societies and departments participated. The whole programme was of a high standard and extremely well attended; in fact, far in excess of all estimations.

The Music department staged two well attended concerts in the hall during the evening. The instrumental pieces were outstanding in a programme of generally high standard. The Junior Debating Society's two "live" light-hearted debates proved very popular although unfortunately a lack of floor space led to many people missing these. The "Art Scene" provided a varied collection of paintings in the vestibule which, along with several prize-winning paintings, gained much admiration. The Historical Society's enthusiastic display included a collection of 18th Century porcelain, archeological finds from recent "digs", an illustrated history of Slough, a scale model of the battle of Hastings; and finally the "Great Mystery Object", which still remains a mystery!

The Railway Club as usual attracted much interest not only from youngsters but from adults too. The partially completed school layout was in operation but a display of automatic train control aroused great interest. The Aeronautical Society enjoyed a most successful "Conversazione" with its display of "aircraft through the ages" and a film entitled "Berlin Airlift".

The stamp Club displayed a complete collection of British Commemorative Postage Stamps. Owing to the nature of the Angling Club's activities, its display had to be limited to trophies and literature. The Outdoor Activities Club in the Gymnasium, held an ambitious display of tents, dinghies and photographic records of recent School expeditions. The Metalwork Guild's display consisted of the members' own work. Poster displays were held by the Geographical Society and by representatives of the School "War on Want" movement at which a collection was held.

The A.C.F. put on an impressive display of some of the weapons that they use. Demonstrations, amongst other things, showed the dangers of blank ammunition, as an old ammunition tin proved. There were also some very good explanations of the technicalities of the weapons. The shooting on the "Range" was very popular, and it seems that we have some very good shots among the parents. The Signals Section displayed equipment and operated sets on the National Network for most of the evening.

The Photographic Society's demonstration of printing pictures from negatives showing all the stages and processes was very interesting and well-attended. The display in the General Science Lab consisted of representatives of the many forms of freshwater life to be found in our Islands. All specimens were collected locally by members of the school.

The Display in the Biology lab was varied and much interest was aroused by the "Mouse Maze". The Physics department showed experiments from the "A level" course which were of interest to the more technically minded and a large practical display of electronic equipment in the adjacent lab, including an electronic "organ", proximity alarm and counters, was of wide general interest.

The Chemistry department held a practical demonstration of the manufacture of Nylon. This unfortunately did not appeal to a wide cross-section of visitors. The Maths department showed simple binary and logic computers which gave an insight into binary arithmetic and also the theory of computers. The Model Motor Racing field was also well represented with two layouts, but the highlight of the evening was undoubtedly the "races" between members of staff.

The outstanding success of this "Conversazione" can be illustrated by the fact that cars were crammed into every available space in the school grounds and still extended up Lascelles Road, while, on the refreshments side, the grand overall profit of 5/6d. was made! Though it is not intended to make this an annual event, more are planned for the future.

P. APPLEBY and J. FOLKSON

LIBRARY NOTES

Head Librarian: K. Jones

Deputy: P. Stevens

Senior Librarians: D. Kitson, M. Denham, J. Black

Librarians: Callaway, Pearce, Willmott, Garnham, See, Seed, Baluk, Fox

It is a long-acknowledged fact that the Library Notes are boring. Therefore, I shall attempt to keep them short and more or less to the point.

The most significant occurrence during the past year has, of course, been the departure of Mr. Gibson. It was largely through his efforts that the library became an efficiently operating system, so that, when he left, the existing librarians were able to continue the good work, under the guidance of Mr. Fallows. In addition, Mrs. Cairns, our former part-time librarian, and, more recently, Mrs. Jones, have made great contributions by ploughing through often tedious work.

This year saw the first library book-sale in which parents of pupils were invited to buy books for the library stock. As a result of this, the library obtained a good number of books, which were a valuable addition to the shelves, and, what's more, they were free. Thanks go to the parents who so generously bought books.

Unfortunately, to nullify the effect of this contribution, there was, as usual, a large number of books which, shall we say, could not be accounted for. This becomes a growing problem, but we should like to think that a good many of these books have not disappeared for ever, but are merely lying around rotting in the depths of school desks.

A recent innovation in the library has been the "Suggestions Book." Owing to its rather unfortunate title, the first few suggestions have had to be erased, but recently the system has proved very worthwhile. We are now as near as possible a democratic library.

A trait which has become noticeably rampant amongst junior librarians recently is the "Library Obsession", which appears to convince these fond souls that they are no longer in the common class of "human beings", but "librarians". In fact, it has become a common defence in argument that they are immune from punishment, because they are not people, but librarians. Consequently, the shelves have often been heard to resound of late to the lyrical phrase, "No lynchings in the Library".

INTER-SCHOOL GERMAN SOCIETY

The Inter-school German Society, consisting of German students from St. Bernard's Convent, Slough High School, Langley Grammar, Licensed Victuallers' School, Halidon House, Slough Technical, Burnham Grammar and ourselves, has enjoyed a very full year. In October, a meeting was held at St. Bernard's Convent, to discuss the programme for the year. Soon afterwards two theatre trips were arranged—one to see "Nathan der Weise" in English, by Lessing, and the other to see Kleist's "Der zerbrochene Krug". Both trips were well attended, and enjoyed by those who went.

In December, Langley Grammar held a "Weihnachtsabend". This consisted of a talk about Christmas in Germany by Herr Friedemann, the German assistant, followed by Christmas Carols, and German food, baked by the girls of Langley Grammar.

In February we held a "Balladenabend" at school, where members and staff of this school and St. Bernard's read German ballads, and some tapes were played of ballads set to music. This was followed by refreshments, which, because our cooking facilities and techniques are somewhat lacking, were prepared for us by the girls of St. Bernard's. At the beginning of March, there was a talk at Slough High School, on the letters of Thomas Mann, given by Professor Waidson, Professor of German at Swansea University. The talk was interesting and very informative, despite a rather disappointing attendance. Finally at the very end of term, Burnham Grammar School German department put on a competent and amusing production of Buchner's "Leona und Lena".

We would like to thank all members of staff who helped arrange so many worthwhile and enjoyable meetings.

D. L. BULL

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Chairman: K. Jones*Treasurer:* K. Butler

Once again this year, the society's activities have been limited by a dire shortage of funds. During the Spring Term, however, after a period of almost complete inactivity, the society succeeded in screening three historical films. These were well supported and despite their limited scope seemed to give reasonable entertainment. Also, during the Spring term, an inter-house history competition was arranged and, at the time of writing, only the final between Herschel and Hampden houses remains for the completion of the series.

By far the most adventurous scheme carried out by the society was the outing to Canterbury, Walmer Castle and Dover Castle. At first, there was some anxiety that lack of numbers might make the cost prohibitive. The situation was saved however by certain members of the committee whose efforts encouraged some un-official support from St. Bernards Convent. Despite some threatening rain clouds the weather for the most part stayed bright and most people agreed that the outing was very enjoyable and worthwhile.

The committee would like to thank Mr. Wharmby and Mr. Miles for their aid and encouragement throughout the year, and also Mr. Binstead for his co-operation in the lunch-time film shows.

R. B. TUTTY (secretary)

In addition to other activities of the Historical Society, a small group formed in 1967 has already visited many interesting historical places, led very ably by Mr. Miles. We have been on a hike in the Aylesbury region, visited three historic houses in Hampstead, seen the Wallace Collection (and other places of interest in London) and spent a day in the historic City of Oxford. Future projects include a trip to Rochester and a five-day hike, during the Summer holidays, along the Ridgeway in Berkshire and Wiltshire.

D. UPTON (V)

FOLK CLUB

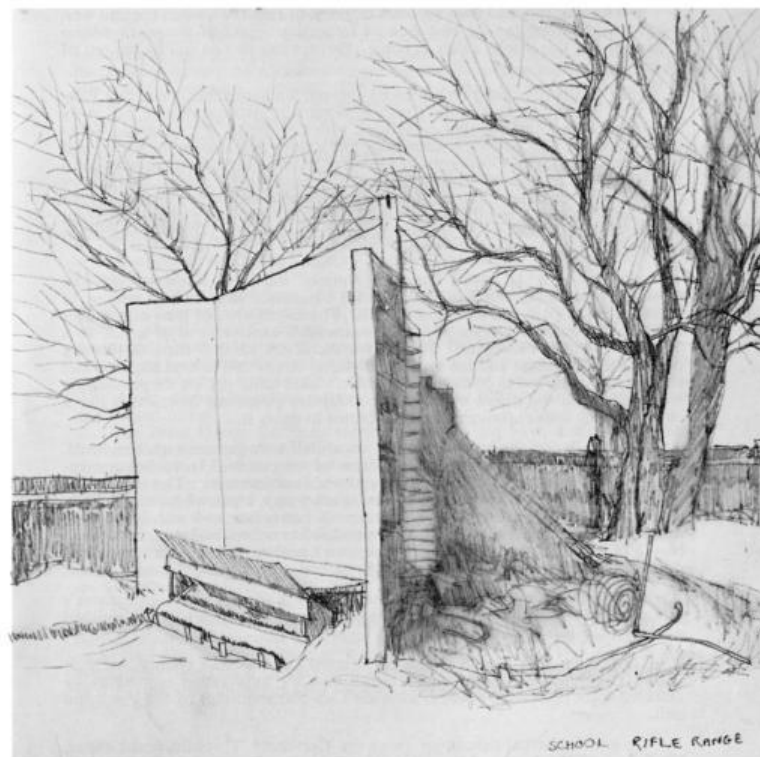
Chairman: C. Lewis*Treasurer:* G. Mann*Secretary:* M. Grosch

This year has seen wild fluctuations in the numbers of members attending meetings, mainly due to sixth form apathy and the weather (rain increasing fifth form attendance dramatically). Apart from this, a very well-attended folk concert was held in conjunction with Slough "Young Oxfam" group. Artists appearing included: George and Andy from Slough College, and Jane and Vanessa from St. Bernard's Convent. Our own school was represented by Chris Lewis, complete with girl singer, drummer, bass guitarist and lighting effects. The "Nygvan Dream" were one of the most interesting acts, singing and playing their own songs. Thanks also to the "In Crowd Kazoo Band" and to Graham Crawford for lighting up Chris Lewis! Also, this year, folk concerts at Slough College featured artists such as Roy Harper and the Young Tradition. Tim Buckley was seen in the U.S.A. by Mal Grosch and the "Incredible String Band" Concerts in London were attended by members of the Folk Club. We hope Folk Club will continue next year with more support from all quarters.

G.S.L.

ANSWERS

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| (1) Backwards | (6) 1-1 |
| (2) Direct | (7) a dropped ball |
| (3) goal | (8) goal |
| (4) centre | (9) No goal |
| (5) goal | (10) half-time |



CADET NOTES

Undoubtedly the most important event of the year was the long-overdue and much-deserved promotion of Lieutenant Browne. The second most notable event was this officer's acquisition of a very smart Service Dress, which caused a great deal of envy on the part of Major Whamby.

The Cadets, too, had their moment of glory, in July 1967, when the unit won the trophy awarded for the best Annual Inspection report of the year. Major Wharmby has this trophy safely at home. Perhaps one day he will let the rest of us see it.

Four cadets have been on advanced courses. In September, Price and Fletcher went on a 'Port Operating' Course. What this involved no-one has really been able to find out, but they came back with Certificate 'T' (Advanced Technical Training), a lot of useless knowledge and a story that also on the course had been the Head Boy of Gordonstoun. In April, Appleby and Lonnon went on a Signals Course and buried their heads inside wireless sets for a week—or so they thought. Unfortunately, also on the daily programme they were horrified to find the item:—"0645 hours—Battle Physical Training". They seem to have survived—which is more than can be said for Lonnon's motor-cycle, which broke down on the return journey.

Also in April, 12 cadets from the County, including Kempster (for the second year running) and Kennally, joined Lieutenant Browne in a visit to 26 Field Regiment (R.A.) at Holme, B.A.O.R. The cadets write of their experiences at Holme in another article: My most memorable experience is of a ride in a "Skeeter" Spotter-helicopter. To remove the doors so that there is nothing between the passenger and the ground but safety straps and several hundred feet of air is one thing, but to do a series of tight left-hand turns (i.e. on the passenger's side) and to cut the engine so that the contraption plummets downwards like a stone is really unfair, though the pilot seemed to enjoy it.

Meanwhile, on the home front, the usual half-term exercises were endured. There were supercilious smiles on the faces of various N.C.O.'s when a map-reading exercise in the Chilterns was announced for November. There were self-satisfied smiles on the faces of the officers when weary, blistered cadets (some in stocking feet) limped back to the rendezvous hours late and with inadequate information. Sergeant Kitson, who masqueraded as a disguised parachutist who had to be captured, caused a stir in the various Chiltern villages as he meandered down the streets in beard, red dressing-gown and other peculiar rustic costume.

In February, a more military exercise was held in which Lieutenant Browne's side routed Major Wharmby's. The latter's excuse, that they had not finished cooking their lunch, was overruled.

During the year several cadets represented the unit and county A.C.F. at soccer, rugby, cross-country and athletics, but we were rather ignominiously defeated in the first round of the Duncombe Cup (for shooting) by the Pinewood unit.

On a more factual side, apart from the Certificate 'T' results noted above, the following cadets passed Certificate 'A', Part One:—Cannings, Carter, Heal, Hines, Jones D., Jones S., King, Kochanowski, Pyke and Wood-Dow. The following classified as signallers:—Appleby, Fletcher, Lonnon, Price and Smith. Kempster also passed an examination making him a Cadet Signal Instructor.

Recruited during the year were:—Aslett, Braund, Bruton, Cobbe, Cunningham, Garnham, Jones, D. W., Stephen, Stuthard, Reeves, Varian and Wolinski.

At the moment we are changing our berets and badges, owing to a change in affiliation from the Royal Green Jackets to the Buckinghamshire Regiment. In July comes the Annual Inspection and in August comes Annual Camp. Weymouth last year was enjoyable but not as good as Folkestone in 1966. Now we return to Folkestone—excellent camp, training and recreational facilities. The training under the County's new Training Officer, Captain Hall, looks interesting, though this officer's favourite occupation seems to be building rafts that sink and drench the occupants. Two can play at that game, Captain Hall!

D.J.B.

MUSIC

Throughout the year, music in the School has followed its normal varied and diverse pattern. The Choir has maintained its high level of achievement, its progress having been clearly shown by the increasing number of anthems performed in morning assembly. The first public concert was given towards the end of the Autumn Term, in collaboration with St. Bernard's Convent, and had as its main item the Cantata No. 67, "Halt im Gedächtnis", by J. S. Bach. The rest of the programme was made up of part-songs from both schools and a number of individual instrumental items. The traditional Carol Concert followed a week later, and included a number of new carols from the Choir. For Speech Day the Choir performed Stanford's part song, "The Bluebird", and two negro spiritual arrangements, "Peter, go ring dem bells" and "Rock-a my soul". During the Easter holidays, the Choir was honoured by the selection of three of its members, Ian Jordan, David Kitson and Ian Rodgers, to sing as soloists in a production of Beethoven's opera, "Fidelio", at the Buckinghamshire Youth Music Course.

The Orchestra has been less active this year, mainly through the loss last summer of several of its more experienced players, and of its leader, Andrew Morton, shortly after Christmas. It is hoped, however, that there will be some new recruits next year from the younger end of the School, particularly as there are now no fewer than six visiting instrumentalists, teaching practically the whole range of orchestral instruments. One very popular innovation has been the Wednesday afternoon guitar classes, supported by thirty members of the first and second forms.

The Brass Group has been started up again this year, and the Recorder Ensemble has met regularly. Less permanent instrumental groups have formed themselves when necessary to perform in the recitals of the New Musical Society, intended, under new management, to replace the former music society which, it was felt, had for some time been insufficiently active. The emphasis has been very much on live music, and Thursday lunch times throughout the year have seen a remarkable number of well-attended chamber and solo recitals, given by both boys and staff. The Society also organised a successful visit to the London Bach Society's performance of the "St. Matthew Passion" in the City Temple on Saturday, 9th March.

In this year's Slough Festival the Choir and Madrigal Group and the Brass and Recorder Groups were entered, all performing creditably. Of the individual entries, Graham Lancaster and Peter Callaway gained first and second places respectively in the Solo Descant Recorder (12 years and over) class; Jeremy Black (flute) and David Upton (trumpet) took first and fourth places respectively in the Wind Instrument (under 17 years) class, and David Lacey won the Organ class.

WAR ON WANT

The weekly collections for "War on Want" have continued throughout the year, although less money than in previous years has been received. This may be a result of the doubt about the money's ultimate purpose. The Nigerian hospital at Uburu which we have supported in the past is situated in the rebel state of Biafra, and so has been caught in the midst of the Biafran War. Very little had been heard concerning the hospital's fate until the school was visited by Miss Taylor, until recently a doctor in Uburu. Miss Taylor came for an afternoon in the Spring Term and gave a very interesting talk on the hospital and its problems, illustrating what she said with colour slides, and afterwards answering our questions.

Other money-making activities have included Christmas carolling by a group of sixth-formers, who kindly donated the proceeds to "War on Want", and at the annual Jumble Sale, held in May of this year in conjunction with the Slough "Young Oxham" Group (see separate article for this). A generous donation was also received from the Sixth Form Society.

Committee: M. Denham; R. Tutty; P. Stevens; D. Kitson; I. Jordan; D. Gordon.

THE 1968 "WAR ON WANT" JUMBLE SALE

For a fortnight the Slough "Young Oxfam" Group and the Grammar School "War on Want" society collected for this sale. In the first week, we slaved away pulling carts of various descriptions, and in the following week we sorted out the gains. On the fourth of May, the carters and sorters, including the girls loading up the vans and articulated lorry, moved to St. Peter's Church Hall. Chaos and panic reigned. Furniture and boxes were strewn all over the grass. At 2.50 p.m., however, having managed to get some kind of order, we opened up shop.

The sale went fairly well, the toys going quickly. At the end, though, a lot of clothes, books, shoes, and even large items of furniture, were left over, and it was decided to have a bonfire. This was a lot of work to start, though when the flames had reached a paltry ten feet high a tramp settled near decided to remove himself at high speed. This was not all, because the walls of the hall started to get very hot, and the water fetched to cool them soaked anyone in the vicinity. All in all, everyone thoroughly enjoyed the process.

D. J. KOOPMAN (III)

THE AMATEUR RADIO AND TELEVISION SOCIETY

The Amateur Radio and Television Society, although only formed this year, has been very successful. The year's programme has included the construction of a club receiver which is almost complete. There have also been some demonstrations of equipment.

Future plans include talks by local amateurs on various aspects of amateur radio, obtaining a club transmitter and visits to some local firms making radio equipment.

The object of the Society, which meets on Friday evenings in the Physics Laboratory, is to assist anyone interested in obtaining an amateur transmitting licence to pass the Radio Amateur's Examination and the G.P.O. Morse test.

The committee and members wish to thank Mr. Harris and Mr. Miles for their help and advice during the year.

P. D. APPLEBY (secretary)

VISIT TO THE SCHOOL OF SIGNALS IN BLANDFORD, DORSET

The course which L/Cpls. Appleby and Lonnon attended at the army's School of Signals, at Easter, was intended to give some idea of the organisation of military communications and of some of the equipment used for the purpose.

The first day was spent settling in and talking to all the other people whom we had "met" on the Inter-Schools' Radio Network. The evening was spent in the NAAFI drinking "coke" or milk (no alcohol was allowed) and discussing amateur radio, electronics, the Inter-Schools' Network, or girls.

The course, as well as giving an idea of army signals, gave most people some experience of Battle P.T.—at an unearthly hour of the morning (6.45): this was not particularly popular with anyone! However, after the early morning "torture", the food was very good, as were the new classrooms and the equipment in them.

Quite a lot of time was spent in the classrooms discussing how and why things work, but there was also plenty of experience gained with the modern sets, in the classroom, in the back of Land-Rovers, and also on foot!

There were to be lessons in driving an armoured personnel carrier, but the only A.P.C. on the camp had to go in for servicing that week. However, everyone had great fun using the teleprinters and associated sets, which we spent most of a day using.

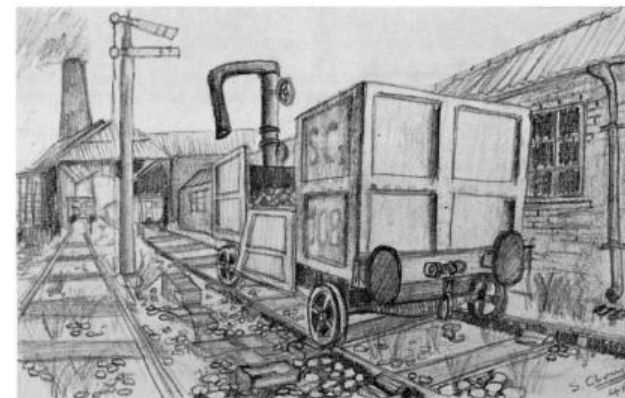
Much of our spare time was organised for us, with football watching (everyone finished up in the NAAFI), games, films, and a visit by some of us to the camp's Amateur Radio Station; where one of the people on the course, a licensed amateur, had a most enjoyable evening calling some American stations.

The only sad moment on the whole course (except for the ban on beer) was a trip round the School's museum, where every piece of our cadet signals equipment was behind glass—and looking every bit its thirty years of age.

P. D. APPLEBY (V HC)

THE RAILWAY CLUB (1967-8)

Once again the Railway Club has a successful season to report. The club has maintained its programme of regular weekly meetings for construction, and the exchange of magazines through the magazine fund. Progress on the school layout has proceeded well, part of the proposed school layout is already operational, and it is hoped to display this in the forthcoming "Conversazione". Other activities during the past year have included a "Railway Survey", a slide show and a trip to Slough Signal Box, while a film show is planned for the end of the year.



Support from the lower school has been disappointing this year and it is felt that if everyone who was interested in Railways & Railway Modelling joined the club, then far more ambitious projects and excursions could be embarked upon. Last, but not least, we would like to thank Mr. Rogers for his enthusiastic support as our Sponsor, throughout the year.

J. B. FOLKSON

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Chairman: D. Bull *Secretary:* M. Denham
Treasurer: P. Vincent *Chemist:* B. Cooke

Within its rather limited spheres of operation the society has had a fairly successful year. Interest continues to centre around the use of the darkroom and its equipment, and two darkroom demonstrations were arranged for members who wished to learn how to use this equipment properly. A slide show and competition was held during the Spring Term and was well supported, unlike the annual competition for black-and-white prints.

Also during the year passport photographs for school journey parties were produced by members of the society.

It is hoped to expand the society's activities next year to include a trip to Kodak's processing factory, and to show some films on photography.

Once again, our thanks go to Mr. Binstead and Mrs. Taylor for their kind assistance throughout the year.

M. J. DENHAM

THE PRINTING CLUB

During the past year more work than usual was taken on by the Club, the increased profits enabling us to purchase much new type. This has greatly extended our range of styles and we hope that both design and quality of work will benefit in the future.

We were sorry to see Mr. Richards, who had helped and guided the Club for many years, leaving last Christmas, though our thanks go to Mr. Rider, who has taken his place.

The Club would also like to thank the caretaker, who has on many occasions other than our usual night allowed us to stay to complete work.

New members from the lower school would be welcomed; the Club meets on Thursdays in the Lecture Room.

W. R. HARE (VI)

JAZZ CLUB

Sponsor: Mr. Boardall
President: E. G. Froggatt
Secretary: A. D. Ward
Chairman: A. Moore

Throughout the school year there have been fairly regular meetings during Thursday lunchtimes. The attendance at these meetings has been poor, but it has meant that the faithful few have been able to listen uninterrupted to jazz of all styles and periods, from avantgarde to country blues. There have also been two visits to the BBC Jazz Club, a programme broadcast 'live' every Wednesday night. These visits were greatly enjoyed by all who went on them.

It is a sad but unavoidable fact that interest in jazz is waning in the school as it is throughout the country. The word 'jazz' still excites the imagination of many people who would normally only listen to popular music and it is a well-known fact that many popular musicians aspire to play jazz rather than pop. They have perhaps recognised a true popular art form, but are unable or unwilling to make the effort to become involved further. Any worthwhile piece of music requires some degree of concentration and involvement on the part of the listener, but it seems that in the television age, few people have time for anything but passive entertainment.

E. G. FROGGATT (UVI)

THE CHESS CLUB

The club's twice-weekly meetings have been well attended this year, and noteworthy among its activities was the Knock-out Competition, the result of which is not known at the time of writing.

Considering its inexperience, the success of the Chess team in winning half its matches was very encouraging; it was chosen from the following:—Pearce, Seddon, McGill, Mayes, Harding, Peterson, Ward, Szwajkowski, Turrington and Butler; and the junior team from:—Brokenshire, Smith, Idles, O'Heney, Piaseki, Wise, Speirs, and Jarrett.

M. J. PEARCE (captain)

THE JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

Though the society has had a fair year, the very good support at the beginning eventually dwindled to only five active members, and therefore we have only held three debates. Many thanks to Mr. Dolan, our sponsor, for his excellent support at our meetings.

D. J. KOOPMAN (secretary)

THE STAMP CLUB

The club looks back on a year of mixed success and failure. The success was the "Conversazione" exhibition, the result of a good deal of work and an excellent advertising campaign. Those who lent stamps deserve an especial word of thanks for this success, for the exhibit could not have been put on without them. We hope to repeat, if not enlarge, our success next time. The failure was the proposed trip to "Stampex", which would have been our first organised trip had it not foundered because of lack of numbers. This has been the pattern of the year—while our senior members have been enthusiastic, our large junior school membership has not given us the active support necessary for real successes of this type. Could we please, next year, have a little more enthusiasm? A final word of thanks to Mr. Dickinson who has readily given his aid whenever we have needed it.

C. MORRIS, R. MURPHY, D. FRANKL (L.VI)

SCHOOL EXPEDITIONS

BRITTANY—EASTER 1968

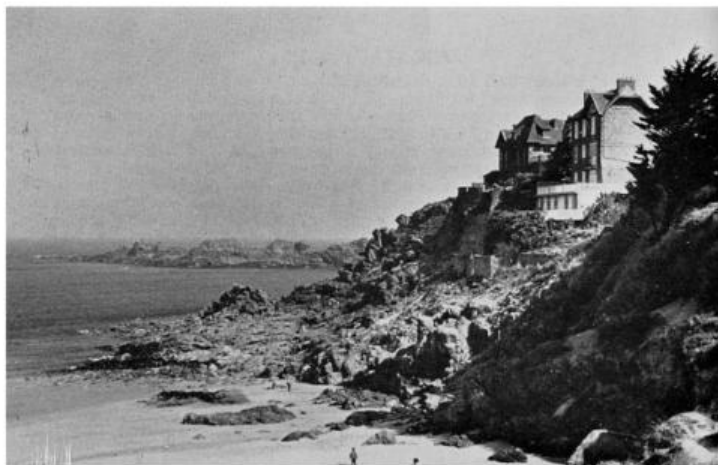
"Great shakes, it was a good holiday!"

Rotheneuf, the centre for our trip to Brittany, is a small coastal village, with two pleasant beaches and a scattering of shops and cafes, six kilometres from St. Malo. We arrived here at 8 o'clock in the evening of our first day, after an early start from Slough that morning.

The next day was spent looking round the village and its beaches. As there were no entertainments within a range of six kilometres, we had to make our own, and thus we nearly always ended up on the beach. The cafe, which was frequented by the fourth and fifth forms, was kept very busy, and the people who ran it seemed very pleased on our arrival; after the first night, they had the B.B.C. every evening on their radio.

We spent five days of the holiday visiting the surrounding area of Brittany. The countryside was mainly agricultural land, with small picturesque towns, chateaux and historic cathedrals, though the junior members of our group seemed more interested in the remnants of Hitler's defences. More modern additions to the countryside that we saw included the Telecommunications Centre at Ploumier-Boudou and the Barrage de la Rance, which is a hydro-electric power station using the vast tidal range of the Brittany coastline. This range is, on average, forty feet.

The coastline of Brittany was reminiscent of Cornwall—high cliffs with small coves and bays. Almost always there was a beach of fine sand below the cliffs, stretching for hundreds of yards. Sometimes, particularly eastward from Rotheneuf, the land was flat behind the beaches, but always trees and grass grew down to the sand, thus justifying the name for this coast—the Cote d'Emeraude.



An incident which occurred at one of these beaches is quite amusing, on reflection. The younger members of the group, with their aforesaid affinity for German relics, noticed a small island, connected by a causeway to the beach, on which were some "pill-boxes". So off they ran, only to be nearly caught by the incoming tide, which covered the causeway. Two "honoured" senior members of the party went across to help the last straggler, but as these three returned, they had to splash across, to the cheers of the assembled party.

Towards the end of our stay, we visited St. Malo in the morning. This is an old town, rather like Windsor in that it is full of tourists and souvenir shops. During the war it suffered heavy bomb attacks, but the impressive ramparts surrounding the town have been rebuilt. This was the only day that it rained, but at least we were in the cover of the shops. In the afternoon we went to nearby St. Servan, where there was a market which everybody visited, looking for more souvenirs. Here we bought our gift of appreciation for Messrs. Boardall and Dutton, a bottle of champagne, which they enjoyed at dinner. We also bought cigarettes for the waiter at our hotel, who, always smiling, served us with such French courtesy.

Another remarkable town, which we passed through several times, was Dinan with its magnificent bridge, cathedral and medieval streets and squares, so typical of many provincial towns in Brittany.

Probably the most memorable visit of all was to Mont St. Michel, the biggest tourist attraction in that area. Mont St. Michel is a large fortified medieval town on an island, which rises imposingly to a height of 150 ft, capped by a miraculously built abbey and monastery. Its main street was filled with tourist shops, where the prices were ridiculously high. We had to pay six shillings for a flash cube for an "Instamatic" camera.

Our whole party, with no exceptions enjoyed this most successful trip and wish to thank the men who with infinite patience, humour and skill manoeuvred the party through Brittany; yes, our own Mr. Boardall (praise him for his patriotism, never removing his "Wilson" raincoat or forgetting his umbrella) and Mr. Dutton (for his pack of cards)—to you, gentlemen, thank you.

R. BENNETT and R. LOLE

SCHOOL TRIP TO CRYSTAL PALACE NATIONAL RECREATION CENTRE: JULY 1967

Participants: Agnew, Amoroso, Crawford, Giles, Godfrey, Hughes, A. Moore, M. Moore, Peterson, Phear, Posti, Price, Sherwood-Smith, Tyrie. Party led by Mr. March.

The course was designed to give young people the chance to learn and to take part in sports which most people never get a chance to do—so said the course organiser. His prophecy turned out to be true, because in four days the party had undergone a crash course in squash, volley ball, archery, and trampolining (where the tutor considered backward and forward somersaults elementary). Also included in the course were organised sessions of badminton, table tennis, athletics, five-a-side soccer and swimming in the virtually empty Olympic pool.

Among the evening entertainments were two talks accompanied by films, and an international volley ball match.

A word of praise must be given to the caterers who provided us with such good food to sustain us through all this rigorous activity. The high degree of organisation, and the facilities which were available to the students outside the recognised hours, made the visit most enjoyable. By the end of the week it was generally agreed that the trip was very worthwhile and it is hoped that this course will be made available to those who follow after us.

M. PRICE and G. HAMPDEN

PIN MILL, 1967

At 8.30 a.m., one morning last summer, I. Watterson, N. Alexander, P. Charett, J. Conway, S. Moss, R. Parry-Jones, C. Smith, P. Murphy, Mr. Doncaster and his daughter, and two sailing dinghies were piled into an antique furniture van. Yes! The school's annual exodus to Pin Mill had begun. Eventually we arrived at the sailing school at Clamp House on the east coast and, after a much-needed meal, were soon settled in.

Next morning, both experts and novices were given a lesson in "theoretical sailing", and, after this, we were allowed out, under instruction, in the sailing dinghies. Authoritative cries of "Stop pinching the wind!" and "I say, you've capsized!" rang clearly over the water all morning.

After a couple of days of sailing with instructors, we were allowed to take the boats out on our own. This quickly led to one broken mast and three capsize, all in a morning. One person's excuse was "I wanted to see how stable the boat was!" However, we learnt by our mistakes, and, by the end of the week, and several capsize later, we were all reasonably competent sailors.

Apart from the extremely enjoyable sailing, the social side was not neglected. One evening we spent in Felixstowe, and, on the last night, a huge bonfire was built on the beach. At midnight, after we had sung countless negro spirituals, someone shouted "Let's go for a swim!" At this, everyone rushed into the murky swirling waters of the River Orwell, and just as quickly dashed out again! One person at least learnt something—do not swim in a non-waterproof watch.

Next morning, a weary and reluctant group of potential Chichesters piled back into the furniture van with the dinghies (one mastless by now) for the return journey to Slough, after a very enjoyable week's sailing.

The whole party would like to thank Mr. Doncaster for organising such a worthwhile holiday.

S. MOSS

WYE, ON WYE, 1967

The huge grey furniture van rumbled slowly westward with its party of greenhorns. Yes, folks, it was the 1967 River Wye canoe/camp party off to explore those wild waters . . .

The group arrived at our first camp-site at Brackney Viaduct in the afternoon, but this had somehow been requisitioned by a singing Hebrew party, and so we had to move to the next campsite at Symond's Yat. We spent the rest of the evening pitching our tents, kicking footballs in the river and in general frivolity.

Sunday morning was spent in learning the back end of the canoe from the front (or is it the stem from the rear?) and other such scientific data and in practising the immensely popular emergency capsizes. In the afternoon we visited Symond's Yat, planning to take a trip to Yat Rock to admire the famous view from its peak. Being overcome with weariness, and one of "Brick's" special dinners, we went to the local restaurant and admired its choice fare instead. When we arrived back at our camp-site we found the Jewish party had joined us again. We did not get much sleep that night as their leader (Fog-horn Frank) indoctrinated them until the early hours of the morning; Mr. Myatt finally intervened.

On Monday, everybody was up early, eagerly anticipating the notorious dangers of the Wye—such as salmon fishers, the scourge of all canoeists. After much wasted effort expended in crossing from bank to bank we eventually learnt how to keep a straight course and made Hampton Bishop, our next campsite, in fine time.

Tuesday saw our standard of canoeing take shape and "Lompey" and "Irish" showed their prowess by putting the stern of their canoe through the side of Walter and "Brick's" craft, giving both parties quite a turn, especially the latter, though, as they began to sink. Mr. Myatt patched up the holed canoe and the two Jolly Tars paddled on.

Wednesday was our rest day and most of the party visited an exciting little town called Ross, in which the public library seemed to be the main attraction.

Back to the river on Thursday with everyone tackling the hazards confidently and successfully. There was one canoe which grounded on a rock and only a courageous, daring and inspiring action by "Pin", who jumped fully clothed into the Wye, saved the canoe from splitting. I seem to remember him fully clothed in the river, up to his knees in lally, on another occasion; still every Mann to his own tastes!

Friday was our last and longest stretch on the river and proved to be the most exhausting. We enjoyed a stop at Goodwich Castle and in the afternoon rode the Symond's Yat rapids.

The food throughout the week was generally well-cooked except for some custard evolved (there is really no other word for it) by "Midget" and "Pin". Edmunds and Elliot spent two hours trying to clean the pot afterwards.

Luckily the sun shone for us for the week and everyone was sorry to leave on the Saturday. All members of the party, R. Edmunds, P. Elliot, S. Littlefair, R. Lompe, M. Kenneally, W. Hare, S. Mann, and R. Parker would like to thank Mr. Myatt for his skilful organisation, guidance and good humour, all of which contributed greatly to the success of the trip.

R.L. and M.K.

1968 SUMMER EXCURSION TO GSTEIGWILER, SWITZERLAND

We arrived at Gsteigwiler, outside Interlaken, the morning of August 16th, after a long journey by train through England, France and Switzerland, and a very rough Channel crossing. In the following week we went on many trips to towns and sites in the surrounding area. We journeyed to Brinaz by paddle-steamer along the Brienzersee, which is a lake several miles in length and a bright turquoise in colour.

Other trips were to Grindelwald, where we went on a chair-lift which took us up several thousand feet to First, from where the view of the Eiger is magnificent. The following day we visited the famous Lauterbrunnen Valley of Waterfalls and saw the Trummelbach Falls which actually flow through the interior of a mountain. Some of us also travelled by train to the Schnige Platte where there is an Alpine garden, where amongst other things, edelweiss grow. Undoubtedly the climax of the whole Switzerland trip was the journey to the Jungfrauoch. This meant travelling by train to 11,333 feet, journeying through a tunnel which was cut inside the famous Eiger mountain and which ran for about four and a half miles. Once on the Jungfrauoch it was very hot, even though we were thousands of feet above the permanent snow-line. Most of us attempted to ski at the ski-school but this entailed, for almost all of us, more time on the ground picking ourselves up than ski-ing. Even Mr. Curry and Mr. Strachan went ski-ing, surrounded and watched by a crowd from our party. We returned from the Jungfrauoch, by a different route, to Interlaken and thence back to the hotel.

On our way home we enjoyed a first-class dinner, at an expensive hotel, which was arranged for us by the S.T.S. authorities. The Channel was as calm as a mill-pond for our return crossing.

On behalf of the members of the party I should like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Strachan and Mr. Curry for arranging the trip, which was appreciated very much.

W. PYKE (IV)

ARMS ACROSS THE SEA

On the evening of Wednesday, 17th April, Mr. Browne, Michael Kenneally, and myself from this school, together with ten other Bucks cadets, assembled at Liverpool Street Station for the annual trip to the British Army on the Rhine. One thousand cadets in all took part.

The journey to Germany, by boat and train, took just over 24 hours. We arrived at the Hohne Garrison, near Hanover, late on Thursday evening, and were shown to our temporary quarters with one of the batteries of our hosts, 26 Field Regiment Royal Artillery.

"Reveille" was at 06.30 hours, breakfast or the army equivalent, being gulped down at 06.45 hours. In the evenings, everyone was left to themselves. The time was spent valuably in exploring the facilities of the N.A.A.F.I. During our six-day stay, we were shown, and, where appropriate, given free rides on, all the latest army paraphernalia. e.g. Chieftain tanks, Saracen and Stalwart support vehicles and "Abbott" Self-Propelled Guns. A trip in a two-seater helicopter, from which the doors had been removed to add to the excitement, gave us an aerial view of the camp. The pilot amused himself by executing every conceivable manoeuvre—at one point he stalled the engine, dropping a few hundred feet in the space of a second.

Everyone assisted in the setting up of "Green Archer", a mobile radar unit for locating enemy mortar positions. Unfortunately, although we visited one of the largest ranges in Europe, we were unable to watch the weapons in action since the weather was so hot that, every time a shot was fired down the range, a small fire was started in the gorse. However, we did see the "Viper" rocket in action; this is an apparatus used, very effectively for the speedy clearing of a path across a minefield wide enough for a tank to pass through.

On one of the assault courses, while tackling the water jump, "Irish" decided to wash his feet, but was too embarrassed to remove his boots. He emerged chanting some sort of spell!

We are extremely grateful to our host-officer, Captain Walpole, for arranging visits to the Volkswagenwerk at Wolfsburg, and to Hanover Air Show, an international event. One afternoon was spent in nearby Celle, a pretty "olde worlde" town, the one-time seat of the Hanoverian regime.

To conclude, we must offer our thanks to the Ministry of Defence, the county Commandant, and to Mr. Browne for a most enjoyable holiday (a wonderful bargain at £5).

M.A.K. and M.R.K.

NORWAY '67: A VISIT TO THE FJORD COUNTRY

Norway is truly a magnificent, beautiful country. Although she is one of the poorer Scandinavian countries, the richness of her scenery more than compensates for this. Our first day in Bergen, Norway's oldest city, provided us with an immediate insight into the country's two major industries—wood and fish. Our Youth Hostel was high above Bergen; from it one could see the whole spacious city laid out in the valleys. A great number of the buildings were wood-faced and painted in gay, clashing colours. This gayness in colour we found typical of the Norwegian youths' dress-combinations; yellow jeans and yellow shirts were quite frequently seen.

A visit to the famous fish-market of Bergen provided us with a vivid episode that will not be readily forgotten. Live fish are pulled out of tanks of water, clubbed over the head with a huge knife, decapitated, slit open and gutted—all at the command of a customer. Also in the market were astronomically priced fur-boots, antlers and, of course, the trolls. From a cliff-top, reached by a funicular railway one had an excellent view of the Bergen peninsular, and inland, along the valley. Our morning was complete when we experienced the first of many Norwegian rainfalls.

A free afternoon provided good custom for the Bergen cafes, although many boys visited the excellent aquarium.

The following day a cramped steamer took us from Bergen back out to sea and along the coast northwards to the Sogne Fjord. This fjord is the longest in Norway—reaching 125 miles into the country, the width varying from 100 yards to half a mile, and the fjord sides rising up sheer, often to heights of 2,000 feet. The rock was usually a hard, barren, dark grey, capped, in contrast, with snow. Occasionally lighter brown strata occurred which provided sparse and stunted vegetation. This trip took the whole day and after two or three hours we found the scenery repetitive, but we amused ourselves by watching sea-gulls hover and catch our diabolical sandwiches. Americans were on board; they seemed most amused when we told them we were just visiting the one country this year. The boat stopped at many fjord-villages to unload food and, occasionally, passengers. This form of transport is the most useful in the fjord country, as many villages cannot be reached by road during the winter months.

We reached Balestrand in the early evening; it rained. Balestrand was beautiful, a fjord-village with a small jetty, few shops, one cafe and mountains stretching up all around. The Youth Hostel as in Bergen was modern, clean and smart. The bunks had mattresses and there were basins in each room; unlike the communal washing facilities usually found in international youth hostels. The following day was marred by continual, hard, driving rain, which allowed a few of us to meet some girls who gave us a lot of useful information about the Norwegian teenagers. Without exception during our visit, we found the Norwegians genuine anglophiles, always extremely helpful and gracious.

The next day was gorgeous—for about 40 minutes. Snow carpeted the higher reaches of the mountains and the deep-blue fjord reflected a brilliant sunshine. However, by the time we were ready to move on to Voss, it rained. The coach took us over the mountains out of Balestrand; at one point we passed between two walls of solid, packed snow which stretched up about 20 feet either side of the road. The mountain streams, travelling at tremendous speeds, had cut great V-shaped valleys out of the rock.

At Voss it was necessary to wake two of the party from their—justified—daydreams of Balestrand and one of the girls whom we had met. Voss was the most successful part of the vacation. Oswald, a comic who ran the hostel, had us groaning at his jokes in no time. Although this Youth Hostel was less comfortable, the comparatively marvellous food and the attitude of Oswald combined to make this stay more enjoyable.

The following morning began fine—and surprisingly stayed so for the whole day. “Began” at Voss meant about 7.30, as Oswald had a nauseating habit of waking us with some hackneyed words to the song “Good Morning”. For those of us in the annexe, this grotesque character went from bed to bed shouting into our ears, and moaned when we politely told him where to go.

A well-arranged journey down part of the Hardanger fjord by launch and back along its shores was most enjoyable. The Hardanger is the most famous and beautiful of Norway’s fjords; it is over 100 miles long and flanked in many places by mountains rising to 5,000 feet. This was at once the most successful, spectacular and interesting day of the vacation. We changed from launch to coach at Ulvik; its small port, white Lutheran church, tourist shop and narrow clean streets typified the fjord villages. Souvenirs were collected here—some at incredibly low prices!

Our final outing of the holiday was the one that seems so funny when related to friends. A walk up the Hanguren Mountain—2,780 feet above sea level—meant an early start, with Oswald giving us somewhat dubious assurances that the overcast sky would clear, leaving a warm sunny day. After 2 hour’s walking we seemed to be making little progress in the direction of the summit. With members of the party making rather pointed vocal signs of fatigue, it began to drizzle, then rain properly, then pour down—our invective strangely and suddenly became directed towards Oswald! After a considerable time some of us began to think that the sense of direction of our leaders was perhaps not too good. After we had persuaded them to change direction, the summit was reached quite quickly and the members of the party were huddled together seeing horizontal rain for the first time in their lives. The conditions for this phenomenon are very low clouds, a temperature below freezing and a very cold gale-force wind. While a chairlift was being sought the party forgot the cold to laugh at one of its number who had climbed a mountain in just a sweater and was now looking rather wet and slightly cold. Chair-lift found, we descended and thawed out over coffee in a restaurant, before travelling down to Voss by cable-car.

The last two days were spent travelling home, which some made a continuous day, refusing to waste the last hours of their vacation. The boat, S.S. Jupiter, had only been in service 12 months and was used as a luxury liner during the winter months. Apart from the cramped—but cheap—sleepers, everything was indeed luxurious and spacious. Within 5 minutes of boarding some of the party had already been told they were in forbidden areas of the ship—but the lift was so superior to the stairs. We arrived at Slough, worn-out and broke, but laden with presents, stories and dirty clothing.

At this point of “write-ups” it is habitual to thank our leaders, Mr. Boardall and Mr. Dutton. Because this is so conventional the whole party hopes its thanks will not seem less meaningful, as each member had a most enjoyable and—at times—exciting vacation.

AMERICAN VISIT—APRIL 1968

When we remember that in our parents’ days a day-trip to Bognor was the height of school adventure, the fact that there we were in New York, America, was incredible. After leaving a warm, sunny Heathrow and spending a long, boring but comfortable flight, the whole 170 or so of us were in the New World, 6th April 1968.

A curt retort from the airport officials and we were out into an awaiting coach. Then we had our first taste of American roads, broad, featureless highways crammed with Chevrolets, Mustangs and Cadillacs of enormous size. The speed of the coach was amazing, whisking us through suburban New York with the remains of the State Fair, a massive metal glove, and a skyline of skyscrapers to our left. We passed over a spider’s web of converging turn-pikes and highways, a marvel of engineering, though I doubt if the coach driver appreciated it.

Soon we were at the Biltmore Hotel, the heart of New York, America’s Hilton or Dorchester. Not one’s idea of an American hotel; it was not particularly modern, the lounge and lobby had the atmosphere and style of a Brighton middle-aged people’s hotel in winter. The singing nightingale and strolling gypsy violinist helped considerably towards this impression.

We spent the next hour or so wandering around the city after a brief reception in the hotel congress room. My impressions of New York are not favourable. There seemed no warmth or unity, and the height of the buildings made you feel you were walking in a deep, dark gorge. It was often difficult to see the tops of the buildings, which does not aid acceptance of the city.

Our little group, Hague, Lewin, Chaplin, Hudson and myself, seeking refreshment, wandered into a typical American establishment which offered ‘Franks’, ‘Jumbo-burgers’, ‘Coke’ and the like. The man behind the counter stared at us when we all ordered hamburgers. ‘Huh?’ After a few minutes our five British voices fused into his brain and, although he made a strange noise something like ‘Himbiggers’, we were all served by his understudy.

The night was spent enjoying the facilities of the Biltmore, the T.V.’s and the telephones. The latter had a weird fascination for some, as I received some disturbing messages in pseudo-American accents.

After a night’s rest (we had lost six hour’s sleep) we breakfasted and toured the city, seeing the usual tourist sights: the Statue of Liberty, Chinatown, Wall Street, and then the obvious. Those who were not victims of the lift staggered out, ears bursting, onto the verandah of the United States, the summit of the Empire State Building. Places can be read about in any book, but what followed next, the warmth of the American family, can not be communicated so easily and this for most was far more impressive than all the usual tourist sights.

By the evening all were installed in homes after transportation, care of Continental railways. After travelling hundreds of miles, apparently aimlessly, it was difficult to believe that anybody would be waiting for us: American organisation did not let us down! I reached Concord, New Hampshire, at about seven, with Murphy and Godfrey, really exhausted. Some of the others, like Hudson and Lewin, had to carry on travelling into Canada that evening!

From here the story is a personal one as the English party was spread over the whole of New Hampshire and Maine. It would be the same, in comparison, as some being in Slough, with their nearest group of compatriots in Newcastle upon Tyne.

The family in Concord could not understand me but I could understand them, having been brainwashed with Americana by the B.B.C. and I.T.V. After a beautiful night in a ‘small’ bed that I nearly got lost in, they dragged me off to school at some unearthly hour. But it was all over by 3 p.m. and my idea of an American school had been blasted. No gum-chewing delinquents but eager youths ready to chat with the master. I was grilled on the ‘mini-skirt’ and British drinking ages. The rest of the stay was one big rush, rush, rush. One day I was raced to Boston, around the city (similar to London in places), up tall buildings with ear-splitting lifts, round the campus where on that day the daughter had

an interview at Boston University. Back along a highway which roughed up my stomach, having travelled to Boston by the turn-pike which puts the M1 to shame. Then to a friend's house—no time to sit, into another car, drive to airport, directly into a small plane, up the runway and off to Lake Winapasauhee. Murphy and I then spent half an hour taking pictures, landed safely and rushed back to a party for the evening's entertainment.

In Concord I was shown my first drive-in movie, the sound coming from loudspeakers you fix onto the inside roof of the car. The screen is about the size of the end wall of the school hall. Near Concord at Lake Winnisquam I caught my first salmon, much to the annoyance of my American hosts who had nothing! The Lake, though the sun was blazing down, was partly ice-filled. Words cannot express my gratitude to the Murrys for their hospitality or the friendliness of the American students. My only complaints were not having enough time to take it all in, and the American dentist. However, the latter was only doing his job and he did fix my toothache.

A brief link-up with friends from Slough was not much compensation for being dragged away from my second home, and after Concord I was taken south to Belchertown, Massachusetts. This country town seemed tame after city life, but after a few days I settled in with Doctor Collard and his family. The students here were just as eager to give us a good time. We saw during the stay the lovely city of Hartford, Connecticut and many other wonderful things. The whole stay was well organized by a church group. Near here I caught my first trout, in a 'stream' about twice as wide as the Thames is at Windsor! Also at Boston I saw a baseball game, the Boston "Red Sox" beat Chicago. Quite a spectacle!

Again, just as I settled in and got attached to the family, it was time to leave. Behind us we left at least thirty crying females. Clay, Lister and myself had obviously made some impression!

Back through forest along the Mass. Turn Pike to Andover-Newton near Boston, to meet up with friends again, plus their entourage of girls. Hudson, looking like a Chicago gangster, many with McCarthy badges, and Mr. Myatt even more sun-tanned than usual and Hague's inexcusable hat were characteristics of the motley crew that greeted my sad eyes in Newton.

Another long drive to New York, a brief wait at the airport and on the plane. A glimpse of the harbour from a few hundred feet and America was in the past. The fact that the plane was showing the same film on both outward and return flight did not cheer us up much.

Then little London was there beneath us, with its low, old buildings, and parks. On the coach back the smallness of our country but its beauty was apparent. The trees were greener and the air softer than in America, but who cares? We want to go back soon.

Thanks to all who helped make the trip an immense success, including Mr. Myatt and Mr. Curry and appreciation of Mrs. Myatt's tolerance of the younger members of the party. Also, thanks to the Anglo-American Intercultural Society, a splendid movement whose work has surely meant a clearer image of the 'Yanks' to us and a chance for them to show that hospitality for which America is so famous.

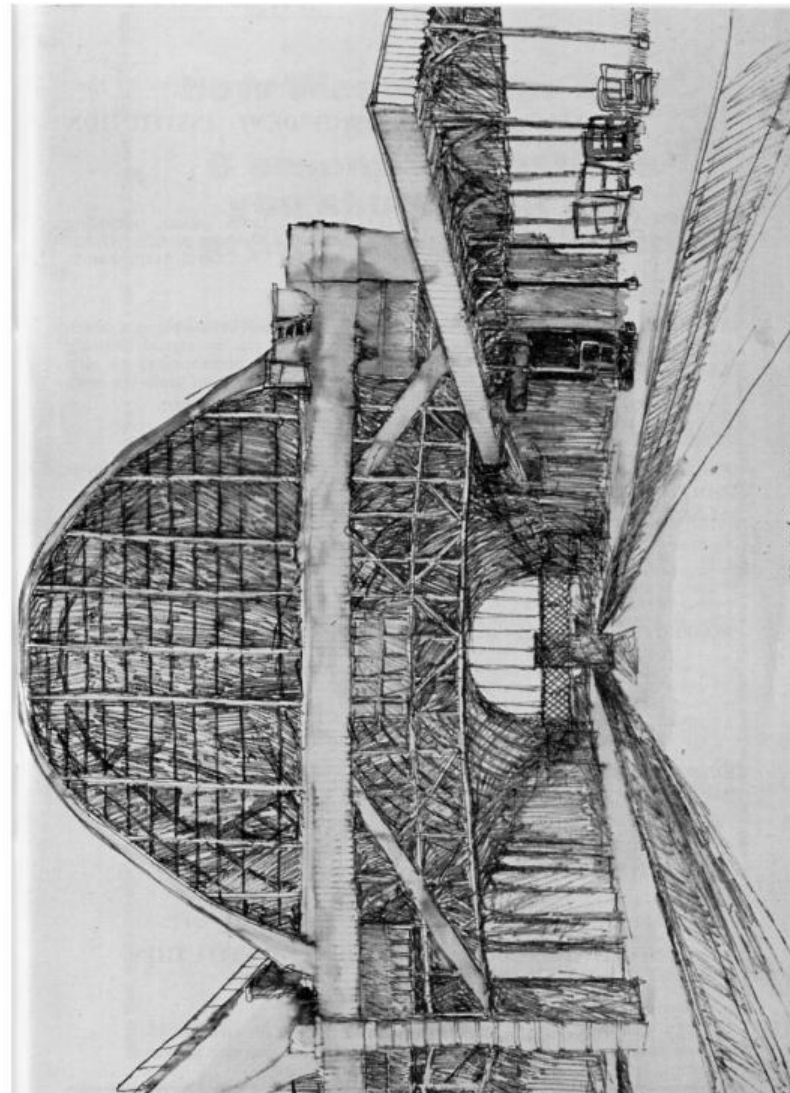
Members of the party: Hill, Lister, Clay, Nash, Chaplin, Sheppard, Lewin, Hudson, Hague, Lompe, Mitchell, Battersby and myself.

MALCOLM GROSCH

This is but one account of the visit to America; space does not allow for each member of the group to comment. I know that copies of this magazine will find their way to Schools in Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts and New Hampshire: to all Americans, who were connected with our visit in any way, may I convey the group's thanks and gratitude. We all have personal and lasting impressions of a big country and even-bigger hearted people. We wish to meet our new friends again soon—here or there!

J. G. MYATT
M. CURRY

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